

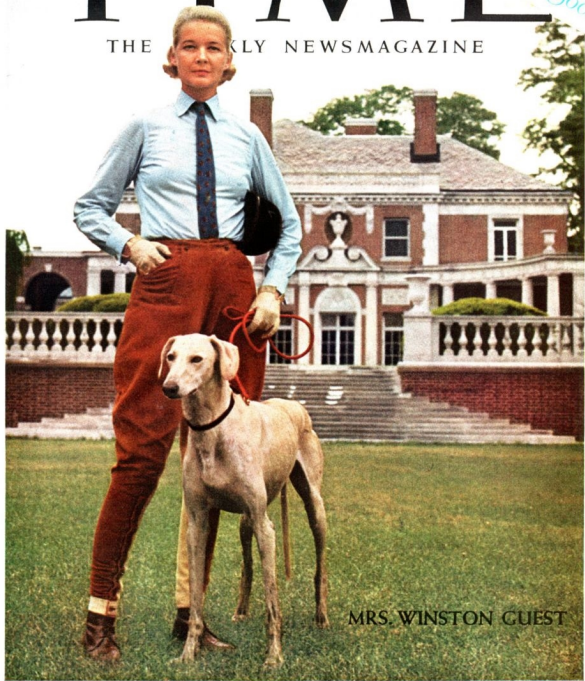
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

JULY 20, 1962

What It's Like Today in Society

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



MRS. WINSTON GUEST

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VOL. LXXX NO. 3

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The Living Constitution

... a weapon
in the fight for
men's minds

In the battle for men's minds, which the Communists wage relentlessly, perhaps one of our most potent weapons is the Constitution of the United States.

But, frankly, when did you last read the Constitution?

To enable more people to know and appreciate the principles that established the American concept of freedom of the individual, we decided to promote a recording—The Living Constitution.

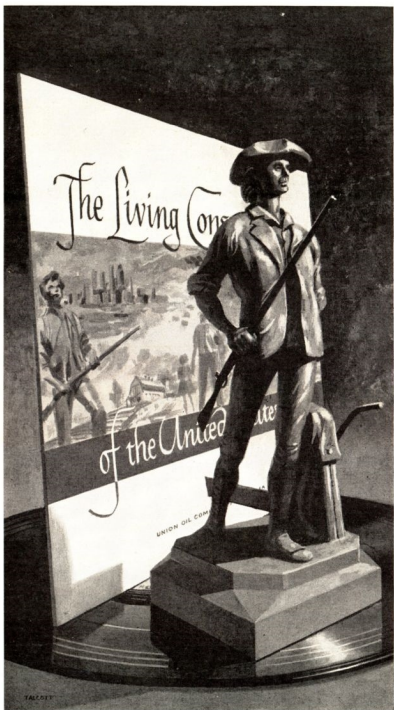
A cast of eight voices reads the words of man's most inspired document for the government of a free people. The words become really understandable, personal, meaningful, moving. As you listen, "shivers run up and down your spine."

This is the album Union Oil dealers made available to their customers for six weeks this year at about one-sixth its usual retail cost. Thousands were distributed every week.

Scores of editors, businessmen, educators and churchmen told us this was a "tremendous public service."

This is but another of many public services we are proud to render.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: *President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.*



Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL



TIME
July 28, 1962

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Volume LXXX
Number 3

1



Ease up, Eddie.

We want a nice shot
of you and the drink.

Gimlet with Arcaro up.

It's vodka, out of

Rose's Lime Juice

by ice. Sure, take a sip.

What do you think of it?

Style, clean taste and

a little excitement?

Great! We'll put it

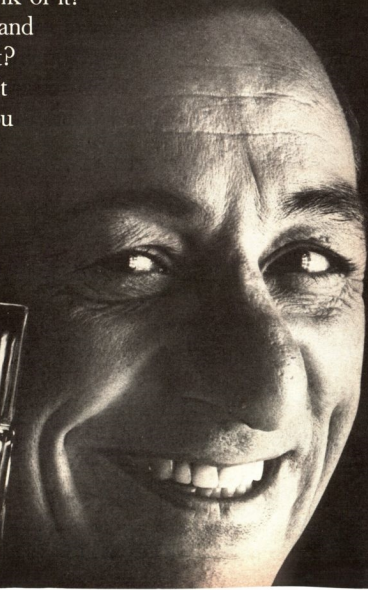
down just like you

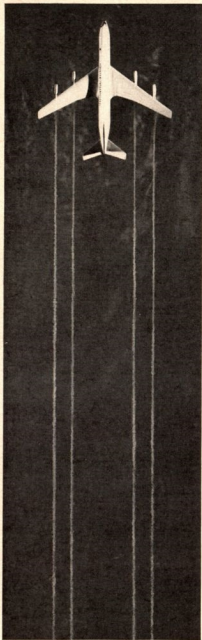
said. A jockey?

You should have

been a salesman!

ONLY ROSE'S MAKES A GIMLET
Recipe: 4 or 5 parts vodka (or gin)
to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice, over ice,
in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.
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doesn't think one
jet captain is enough...



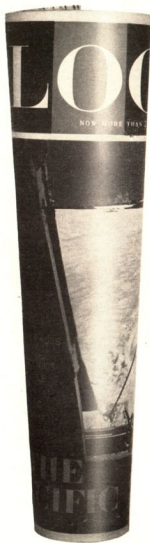
so it has two fully rated
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In these days of speedy jets and shrinking distances, we think a fully rated jet captain should always be in charge. And so you'll find *two* qualified jet captains on every PIA flight, alternating as pilot and co-pilot. Both Pakistan and American licensed, both checked and rechecked every six months. They fly our sleek Boeing jet flights to London, Rome, Frankfurt, Geneva, Beirut, Teheran and Karachi. Low group fares are available. Have your travel agent book you aboard.



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Which one
is first in
circulation?



This one.

LOOK 7,105,032—LIFE 7,006,615—POST 6,663,873 (1st QUARTER 1962 CIRCULATIONS)

Source: Publishers' Statements to ABC LOOK—A Publication of Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc.

CONSUMER
PROGRESS SHARING
REPORT FROM
RAMBLER



He'll be in kindergarten WHEN HER RAMBLER NEEDS ITS FIRST CHASSIS LUBRICATION

He's two. The Rambler's brand-new. He'll be five, most likely, and riding to kindergarten, when the Rambler Classic needs its *first* lube job*. Meanwhile, it will travel twice as far between engine oil changes as any previous model.

In high school, if he drives this Rambler, it will still have the same Ceramic-Armored muffler and tailpipe. (Should either rust out, collision damage excepted, free replacement for the original owner will be made by a Rambler dealer. That's guaranteed.)

Sound like the car of a lifetime? It is. The starter and generator are lubricated for life.

Rambler Single-Unit construction, with its hundreds of extra welds, *stays* remarkably free from squeaks and rattles. And Deep-Dip rustproofing, right up to the roof, makes Rambler the world's most rustproofed car—keeps it looking younger than its age.

Someday there may be a completely service-free car that lasts forever. Today Rambler comes closest. Come get the full story from your Rambler dealer—and see why thousands are trading their cars for Ramblers.

*Chassis lubrication lasts 3 years or 33,000 miles whichever occurs first.

RAMBLER

AMERICAN MOTORS MEANS MORE FOR AMERICANS



the science OF guidance

guiding missiles through "keyholes in the sky"



Burroughs guidance computer system at Cape Canaveral

The Burroughs guidance computer at Cape Canaveral has now performed flawlessly in 149 space probes, orbital missions and ICBM test shots!

By guiding the Atlas missile precisely to that "keyhole in the sky," it unlocked the door for the successful orbital flight of Scott Carpenter, just as it did for John Glenn. And just as it did for the Pioneer, Transit, Courier and Midas satellites; and for the very first Atlas missile back in 1958. All told, this Burroughs system has been used in 149 of our space explorations—performing flawlessly *every single time*.

guiding business through mountains of decisions

The same concepts of accuracy and reliability in the Burroughs system at Cape Canaveral are built into *every* Burroughs electronic computer system.



Burroughs B-5000 large-scale, medium-priced EDP system

The one you select to help guide your business will give you the precise data you need, at the precise moment you need it, to keep your business running smoothly and profitably. For details on Burroughs "guidance systems for business," just call our local branch office or write us at Detroit 32, Michigan.

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Burroughs Corporation

so many data processing problems end with





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Some fashions are fitting for any occasion. Double Century All-Purpose Sherry is a good example. Golden and mellow, this sophisticated import is suitable to serve at luncheon, cocktails, dinner, or into the night. In a stemmed glass or on-the-rocks in the Continental manner, Double Century is doubly delicious! Companion to world-famous La Ina Cocktail Sherry. Both by Pedro Domeq. At restaurants and spirit sellers everywhere.



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Copacabana Beach, Rio de Janeiro

Not just any beach, mind you. You are looking at a masterpiece—the Copacabana Beach in fabulous Rio. It's yours for a few days.

We (Braniff and Eastern, and friends) are inaugurating a new "thing"—Friday Sky Tours of South America, 23 days in 4 Latin American countries.

On any Friday, board a luxurious Braniff plane, with a group of interesting, friendly people. (Friday is a good day for interesting, friendly people, we've found. Many Miami-bound travelers use this flight just to be with them.) Fly to Panama City for 3 days. They have an inland waterway of some distinction there—plus lakes, jungles, history, hats (made in Ecuador), 3 charming cities, and more. You'll love it.

Then comes Lima, Peru—gateway to the Inca Empire, capital of the Spanish Colonial Empire, now a beautiful modern city. Look into all three. You have four days.

Next: fly across the majestic Andes for 6 days in Buenos Aires—2nd busiest port in the hemisphere. (Right after New York.) Here's where you'll get your beach. The Buenos Aires-Montevideo area can boast more spectacular beaches than any other spot in the world. Here you'll also enjoy food that is truly unmatched anywhere.

Then Rio de Janeiro, the pleasure city, with its matchless night life. Here, too, are some beaches to be reckoned with, including pictured Copacabana Beach justly called the most magnificent of all. You will only stay in Rio for 6 days—any longer and you might be tempted to stay forever. After two days in bustling Sao Paulo comes the flight home on another luxurious Braniff plane. (With interesting, friendly people, as usual. Some of these people say the flight over

this dramatic section of the Andes is the most magnificent part of the trip. We reserve the word "magnificent" for the entire tour.)

Now for a little general theory: You'll notice that our description is hasty, but our Friday Sky Tours are not. Travel should be leisurely, in our view. Not a "drop in, see the government buildings, mail a postcard and scoot" affair. We haven't had time to list all the side trips available—to Cuzco, Lake Titicaca, La Paz, Montevideo, Iguassu Falls, etc. But be assured, they abound.

South America is the most interesting continent in the world, we think. It has everything: cosmopolitan cities, primitive jungles, every type of climate (much more varied than North America), an art and architecture renaissance that is sweeping the continent, supremely luxurious hotels, endless flora and fauna, elegant resorts, sports, color... and three layers of historical fascination. (Aztec, Mayan and Inca civilization to 1500; the Spanish colonial period to 1810; the evolutionary period of the 19th century.) Here too is shopping at its best. Silver and gold articles of all types, leather goods, precious stones and jewelry at bargain prices you can't resist. And it is all right next door, a short flight away.

So, now, here is what to do. Amass 23 days you can throw away on pleasure. (We realize 23 days may be hard to come by.) Then gather a bit of money. Not much, really. And we do have a Time Pay plan. A Friday Sky Tour is a splendid bargain (you'll notice that we've thrown in a few extra beaches). First, of course, to get all the information (side trips and all), fill out and mail our coupon; then consult your Travel Agent. 23 blissful, elegant, exciting, fascinating days await you.

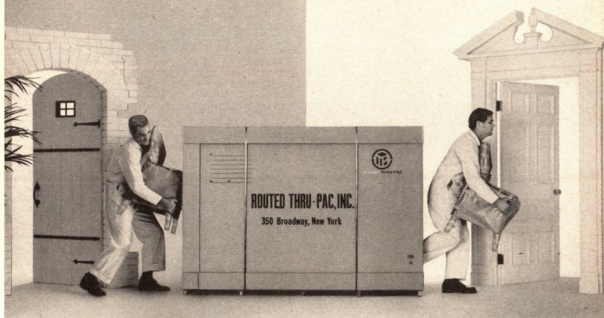
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Price . . . from New York \$901.74 . . . from Miami \$844.00.
(Above price includes all transportation—air fare (propeller aircraft, Economy Class; jet fares, slightly higher) and taxes, transfers, limousines, taxis—all hotels (per person, double occupancy), sightseeing and tips.)
I am unable to scrape together 23 days to visit Latin America, but only _____ days.
I understand you have tours of all kinds. Please send information on one that suits my needs.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

My Travel Agent is:
Mail to TOUR DEPARTMENT, BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS, EXCHANGE PARK, DALLAS, TEXAS.

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labels everything; appliances and furniture are pampered with Routed THRU-PAC's padded wrapping, not many-times-used blankets. No need to worry about loss or theft—Safety-Pac containers are sealed shut while you watch—and they aren't opened until Routed THRU-PAC sets you up in your new home.

If you've got to move—across the street or around the world—make it almost pleasant. Let Routed THRU-PAC move you door to door, in one piece, for one charge—and at no extra cost! For the complete story, just dial WOOrth 6-0450 in Manhattan—and call Collect.

P. S. to Traffic Managers: Can you think of a more carefree way to move personnel? Routed THRU-PAC, Inc., 350 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

LETTERS

415LUG2301

Sir: The counterpart of the Anti-Digit Dialing League [July 13] in the past would likely have campaigned against the introduction of dial telephones on the grounds that the human society would become too technologically oriented; human relations would be better served by retaining the feminine operator to place all calls.

Certainly any business enterprise has the right to offer its services to its customers in the most efficient way. And I doubt whether one can argue successfully against the greater efficiency and flexibility of the all-number dialing as opposed to the use of exchange names that a significant portion of the American public cannot even spell.

Or perhaps the A.D.D.L. will even damn A.T. & T. for their experimental Telstar because it is a use of outer space, that arc which man should stay out of, even as the Wright brothers were cursed for flying within the terrestrial atmosphere.

ROBERT F. BROMAN

Evanston, Ill.

Sir: Is it possible that the phone company could come to a compromise with its A.D.D.L. users (and the rest of the human race) by simply using three letters whether they spell words or not? S. I. Hayakawa's number, 4 billion something or other, could read 415LUG2301, with each subscriber employing his own mnemonic to remember the letters, such as Loused Up Good.

JACKSON STANLEY

Malibu, Calif.

Rule Britannia

Sir: I could make many comments on your "Europe" number [July 13], but I am especially entertained by your repeated suggestions that Britain abandoned or was about to abandon "free enterprise" from 1880 on. Not until 1932, under the leadership of Neville Chamberlain, did we follow the bad example set by the Republican Party in 1861 when, by establishing the Morrill Tariff, the United States committed itself to drastic interference with the free enterprise system.

I am especially entertained by your comment under the year 1422, "Britain loses all its French possessions except Calais, which French seize in 1558. Britain's sailors turn to New World."

The defeats were not British, but English defeats. As General de Gaulle is fond of pointing out, one of his Scottish ancestors

fought on the side of Jeanne d'Arc. On the other hand, it was the English, not the British, who started exploration and settlement in North America. Shakespeare is an English author; Burns a Scottish or Scots or Scotch author; Yeats an Irish author. The only British author I can think of at the moment is James Hilton of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*.

D. W. BROGAN

Cambridge, England

The Gold Bog

Sir: Your story on the gold drain [June 29] was a keen analysis. But may I add one tremendous factor that is invariably ignored in these discussions, yet is costing us dearly in our losing fight for world markets?

After 20 years of experience with American industry, I am convinced that in most American plants and offices, costs are about 25% too high. Over the years our business enterprises have accumulated a great deal of waste and overstaffing. Parkinson's Law has been operating to such a degree that high avoidable costs are pricing us out of the world market. American executives give lip service to cost reduction programs but will not act decisively. They are bogged down in office politics, bureaucratic resistance to change, empire building and procrastination.

HENRY SCHINDALL

New York City

What the Man Said

Sir: Whom is Kennedy trying to kid when he says that he was astonished to find that stockpiles were far in excess of the country's needs [June 29]? The records clearly indicate that when he was serving in the House and the Senate, he voted to increase stockpiles, not once, but eight times.

Another thing that adds to this big joke is the President's choice of Senator Stuart Symington to head the Senate Armed Forces stockpile subcommittee. Mr. Symington is trying to place all the blame on the Eisenhower Administration for the excessive stockpiling of lead and zinc. According to the record, in 1958 Mr. Symington demanded that more lead and zinc be stockpiled.

It's time the present Administration corrected this situation instead of criticizing it.

DAVID COE

Boston

Sir: Attending Mass at the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe was the biggest thing that President Kennedy did to win Catholic Mexico's heart. The saying here is that you

can tell a Mexican there is no God and there are no saints, and he will just shrug his shoulders. But tell him that there is no Lady of Guadalupe—look out!

Kennedy's popularity now is almost unbelievable. I went to a movie last night and when the filmstrip of Kennedy's visit were shown, everyone stood up yelling and cheering so loud and long that I didn't hear the sound track.

FRANK COX

Mexico City

Sir:

If there is dissatisfaction in some circles with the Supreme Court's interpretation of the First Amendment, what must be the result of the President's interpretation of the Constitution as a whole in his speech at Independence Hall in Philadelphia on July 4th?

Our Keynesian-Socialist leader stated that the Constitution stresses "not the individual liberty of one but the indivisible liberty of all." Here is a real perversion of the basic philosophy behind the sole source of protection of individual liberty.

JEROME E. ORNSTEIN

Philadelphia

Sir:

I don't mean to be unkind to Colonel Glenn, but I was sadly disappointed to read that not only was he sitting beside Ethel Kennedy, but had become a fixture of the Kennedy set [June 29]. The New Frontier has developed into a frontier of utter insouciance.

BERTHE M. MOROSINO

New York City

3-Trifluoromethyl-4-Nitrophenol

Sir: As a company that cooperated very closely with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in destroying lampreys that almost killed the fish life from Erie to Superior, we find your article [July 13] up to date and most interesting. May we mention that the one chemical, 3-trifluoromethyl-4-nitrophenol, invented by Farbwerke Hoechst of Germany, which did the trick—out of 6,000 chemicals unsuccessfully used—was given by us to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. We are naturally proud of this international cooperation.

G.I.O. RUEBCKE

President

Hostachem Corp.
Mountainside, N.J.

Thinking in High School

Sir: I read with considerable irritation the story concerning the teaching of Communism in American high schools [July 6]. As a high school student who has taken some pains in attempting to think openmindedly, it appears to me that the American educational system is still primarily intent upon imbuing its students with knowledge instead of clear intelligence.

Although I disagree with Mr. Reid's generalization that no "high school youngsters know enough history to refute Marxist arguments," if he is correct, then who is at fault? All evidence points to our educators, who have not helped us to develop a sense of mental clarity in regard to issues of political morality (or any issues).

Furthermore, if we alter the title of Dallas's program, "The Principles of American Freedom in Contrast to the Tyranny of Communism," we might come up with "The Principles of Russian Freedom in Contrast to the Tyranny of Capitalism," which is probably the title of the parallel course offered in Moscow or Leningrad.

American liberty is entirely based upon the right to think freely. If we should lose

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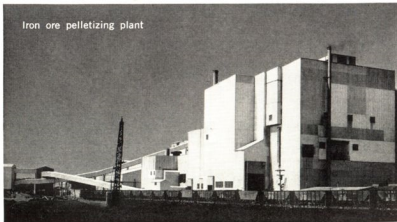
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to Communism, it would be because we unconsciously insist upon playing it their way instead of our own.

HARVEY SACHS

University Heights, Ohio

From an Old Aspiring Model

Sir:

Thank you kindly for your mention of Vacation Place, my summer camp for girls at Southampton, N.Y. [June 29]. I shudder just a little, however, at the note that it is for "aspiring models." It isn't, you know; actually it's for *jeunes filles* who want to be slicked up a little in walking, talking, putting on lip lines correctly, etc.

As an old, beat-up aspiring model myself (Miss Atlantic City, Miss Steam Iron of 1941), I can think of better ways to pass my summer than spending it with models.

CANDY JONES

New York City

The Baron's Boat

Sir:

With reference to the article "Ferry on Skis" [June 22], I want to draw your attention to some misstatements about who really deserves the credit for the design and the development of the hydrofoil boats built by the Rodriguez Shipyard in Messina, Italy, under a license agreement of Supramar Ltd. The indisputable merit for the invention and the design of hydrofoil boats of the "Schertel-Sachsenberg System" goes to Baron von Schertel—by the way, a grandson of the founder of the Schaefer Brewery in New York. Since World War II, all patent rights belong to Supramar Ltd., which has carried on research and development work under the technical management of Baron von Schertel.

One of the many collaborators was Herr Loebau, the engineer mentioned in your article, who is employed by the Rodriguez Shipyard. A capable versatile engineer, Herr Loebau actually had no part in the original design of the boats in question. Neither had Signor Rodriguez, who, however, has rendered a great service in introducing the hydrofoil boat in commercial operation.

G. R. TREVIRANUS
Chairman of the Board
of Directors

Supramar Ltd.
Lucerne

White Knight in the Tundra

Sirs:

My gratitude to whoever wrote the profile of Lewis Carroll [July 6]. Carroll's Alice tales may be a literary monument to confusion, but they offer the kind of confusion our world needs. They are tonic for a baffled member of McNamara's Band totting a carbine upon the tundra. If our nonsensical world must remain nonsensical, may it return to the nonsense of a Wonderland.

(PFC.) DON CORAY

Fort Wainwright, Alaska

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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Suddenly you realize you're almost forty. And your retirement years aren't quite so far off, after all.

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Let's say you buy a \$25,000 New England Life policy now at the age of 38. You could have \$22,123 when you reach

65 — more than you paid out along the way for continuous protection for your family. (We've made two assumptions: that dividends are left to accumulate; that our new, increased dividend scale is applied, although these scales necessarily change from time to time.)

Then, at 65, you can channel funds from other investments into your policy to take advantage of the favorable income rate established when you bought the policy. In this way, your insurance, combined with investments, can be the

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That Cigarette, 10
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55. I'll Find You, You
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Magic Touch, etc.

3. Harbor Lights, I
Wish, Sleepy Lagoon,
My Secret, 6 more

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Strauss' High Fidelity."



86. Secret Love, If
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Tummy, Misty, etc.

145. The best-selling
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ing of all time

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Someone, etc.

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ha, Blue Hawaii,
Across the Sea, etc.

8. That Old Gang of
Mine, Sweet Violets,
16 Big Hits in all

9. By the Beautiful
Sea, The Swiftness of
Signa Chi, etc.

115. Also: Some Like
It Hot, Magnificent
Seven, Smoke, etc.

148. "Anit of paran-
gaze, propitious!"—
N.Y. Daily Mirror

82. Also: Tenderly,
Save the Last Dance
For Me, etc.

169. Also: Lendern-
ry Ave, Blessed Are
They That Mourne, etc.

21. Also: So Close,
Warrior Inside, So
Many Ways, etc.



173. This brilliant
musical painting is
an American classic

19. Also: Streets of
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Ride, La Paso, etc.

17. Also: The McCoy,
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Love, Wingo, etc.

187. Mr. Brahms
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96. I'll Never Stop
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We Know, 9 more

191. "Exciting...
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17. Cathy's Clown, A
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198. "Performance:
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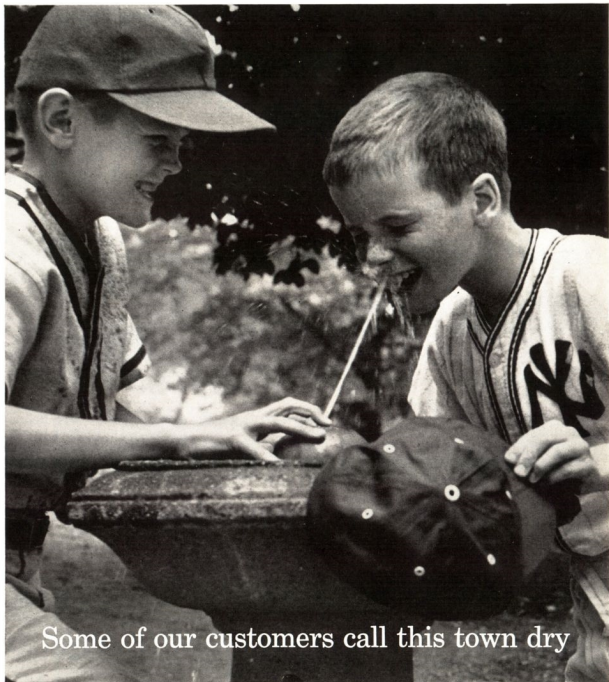
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

WE find ourselves confronted by the random and unpredictable big news of the week, but the kind of news we seek out varies in the summertime, just as readers' interests change. Schools close, or go on summer schedule; theater becomes straw hat, or old hat; TV repeats itself. But one TIME section increases in interest and importance in the summer: sport.

This is the domain of Charles Parmiter, 29, a clergyman's son who was born in Massachusetts, brought up in Hawaii, and after an Army stint in the Far East and four years as a reporter in Honolulu, joined the Los Angeles bureau of TIME. He has reported everything from H-bomb tests to medicine and music. But there is one side of him that likes to race fast cars, to leave a little money behind at the horse races, and to play golf well enough to appreciate those who play it better. As TIME's Sport editor since April 1961, he finds that golf and horse racing "are the two sports I like best, and the hardest to write about." He is also convinced from painful experience that "covering a golf tournament is harder than playing in it."

Three weeks ago, Parmiter wrote our cover story on Jack Nicklaus, the 22-year-old wonder who won the U.S. Open. This week Parmiter chronicles the dramatic comeback of the old master, Arnold Palmer, whose amazing performance in the British Open will be the stuff of sport legends to come.

Parmiter, a man of decided opinions, believes 1) that the competition in golf has never been as tough as it is right now, and 2) that Arnold Palmer "is the greatest golfer the world has ever seen."



SPORT EDITOR PARMITER

To 181 members of the Peace Corps in the Philippines, to 28 in West Pakistan, 45 in Chile and 450 elsewhere, each week go free copies of TIME. They also get copies of LIFE's international edition. We originally intended these short-term subscriptions as a reminder of home as they settle in, but we are learning from their enthusiastic letters that our magazines are serving a further purpose. "Mabalos Po," writes Peace Corps Volunteer Edward T. Kelley II, "thank you very much, in my new language, the Bikol dialect." He is now circulating the magazines among the townspeople of Malipit in the Philippines, in a new reading center he is establishing there. The same notion seems to have occurred to volunteers in many other places, and we think it's a fine idea.

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THE NATION

SPACE

A Star Is Born

In a pioneering scientific week that saw the first invasion of the fringes of space by thermonuclear power, the imagination of the civilized world was captured by an even more dramatic U.S. achievement: the lofting into the heavens of a bejeweled sphere crammed with man-made magic wands that turn blips and beeps into sights and sounds. With the launching of Telstar (mispronounced by most as Telestar), the U.S. raised the curtain on intercontinental television and opened a whole new epoch in the art of communications. Even more, by its immediate and remarkable success, Telstar:

- ▶ Gave new luster to that oft-whipped old goat, Free Enterprise. Conceived and built by American Telephone & Telegraph's Bell Laboratories, Telstar is private industry's first space vehicle and its launching a proud example of how government and industry can work together for mutual benefit.

- ▶ Proved once again that the technological sophistication of U.S. science can be superior to the big-thrust, small-yield accomplishments of the Soviet Union.

- ▶ Showed the practical aspects of the peaceful uses of space, established the means for practical contact between continents never before imagined, and became a fixture by which man in his own living room and in his own town may witness world events as they happen.

Telstar trailed behind it the stuff of history. To the annals of place names like Kitty Hawk, Palomar and Canaveral it added Andover, the earth station in Maine; a place with the wonderful name of Goonhilly, in southwest England; and the euphonious Pleumeur-Bodou, in Brit-



TELSTAR
Through the vault of space . . .

tany. In the long record of man's scientific triumphs, it ranked in drama with Morse's telegraphic message ("What hath God wrought!") and Bell's first telephoned sentence ("Mr. Watson, come here—I want you!"). To many Americans, as they sat by their TV sets, it evoked memories of such remarkable events as the 1930 international radio broadcast of Britain's King George V from the London Naval Conference, and of H. V. Kaltenborn's microphone in a haystack, recording the sounds of the Spanish Civil War.

Loud & Clear. Yet perhaps never before had a historic event been introduced with such a peculiar potpourri of show business, mundane shop talk and excited chatter. A.T. & T. Chairman Frederick Kappel bounced his voice off the satellite to send greetings by phone to Vice Presi-

dent Lyndon Johnson, who eagerly took the call in Washington. The first picture to be beamed from the earth station in Maine was a TV camera's view of the American flag waving near the ground tracking facilities, while a sound track carried *The Star-Spangled Banner* and *America the Beautiful*. Scientists had expected Telstar to transmit only in the U.S., but they got a bonus. British viewers, still up at 1 a.m., caught only a wavering picture of the Vice President before the view was lost, but in France the reception was so loud and clear that technicians at Pleumeur-Bodou compared it favorably with the quality of a transmission from 20 miles away.

Next night the French reciprocated by shooting a video tape off Telstar straight into U.S. TV sets. Communications Minister Jacques Marette introduced the program, and with Gallic aplomb cooed: "But let's forget the technical feat for a moment. Relax; you are in Paris, and I invite you to spend a few pleasant moments with me . . ." The moments: Yves Montand singing *La Chansonnette*, Michele Arnaud singing *Deux Enfants au Soleil*, Guitarist Michel Aubert playing *Chanson de l'été*. Despite the fact that the program had been prerecorded and could have originated in the canned-film studios of any U.S. TV station, the effect, if not the programming, was electric. More than that, it sent the British into a snit, for the 16-member nations of Eurovision (representing European TV stations) had agreed not to broadcast any "entertainment" during the initial tests. The British adamantly fulfilled their part of the bargain by showing only some top technicians at Goonhilly ground station sitting at their consoles and looking like children at a Christmas party. As beamed



U.S.'s JOHNSON



FRANCE'S ARNAUD



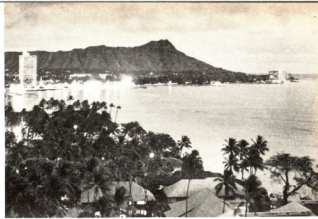
BRITAIN'S TECHNICIANS

. . . Paris will go to Paducah, Warsaw to Winnemucca, Venice to Valdosta.



WAIKIKI BEACH BEFORE THE BLAST

The most dazzling—and awesome—display ever seen.



WAIKIKI ILLUMINATED BY THE BLAST

WARREN ROLL—HONOLULU STAR-BULLETIN

into U.S. homes, those few moments carried greater impact than the French presentation, for the British segment was "live," and carried all the excitement of Telstar's immediacy.

Space Stallions. Despite the rudimentary content of Telstar's first performances, its promise is assured (*see SCIENCE*). Experimentation with other pictures and with transatlantic phone calls followed the first TV shots. A big show is set for July 23, when Telstar will relay live broadcasts by the three major U.S. networks and those of Eurovision. Vienna will go on the air with a 45-second performance of classic horsemanship by the famed white Lipizzaner stallions. There is a possibility that Europe will see President Kennedy on that program. And ultimately, with 30 or more Telstars girdling the earth, new ideas, new forms, new delights, heightened by their visual presence, will leap the bounds of time and flash on the screens of TV sets everywhere—a front seat at a coronation, an Olympic game, a summit meeting, the Louvre, the Thames, the Parthenon. Through the vault of space, Paris will go to Paducah, Warsaw to Winnemucca, Venice to Valdosta, and with them through space a new era in man's vision.

Fire in the Sky

With a brilliant white flash that turned night into day over millions of square miles of the Pacific, the U.S. exploded its highest nuclear test some 260 miles above the earth. It was the first invasion of the fringes of outer space by a thermonuclear device, and what it proved militarily for the security of the U.S. was a carefully kept secret. But the one-megaton bomb that arched over tiny Johnston Island on a three-stage Delta rocket caused the most dazzling—and awesome—display of man's power ever seen.

The test was the most publicized, most debated and most postponed of the U.S. current test series. It had been called off seven times because of weather. Twice the booster rocket had roared off its pad with a great bomb in its nose, only to be destroyed deliberately because of malfunction. But now the countdown had begun again, and Hawaiian radio stations cut regular programs off the air to broadcast its final minutes. Residents hurried

to the beaches, and on Diamond Head cars picked out vantage observation posts. Officials even opened the gates at Punchbowl Cemetery to allow crowds to view the shot from its famous concrete observation pad.

Awe & Fear. As the countdown continued on the radio, the time dragged; a quarter-moon showed intermittently in the cloud-patched sky. At last the countdown dropped to seconds: ten, nine, eight . . . Finally, at exactly 11 p.m., the bomb exploded. The sky over Hawaii flared dazzling white, seemingly even brighter than noonday. The light turned pale lime green, then a delicate pink that darkened swiftly to a hideous meaty red. After seven minutes, the glow was gone, leaving the blue-black Pacific night. But when the moon next showed through the clouds, it was tinted an unnatural yellow.

The great show went on far from Hawaii. It splashed New Zealand with incandescent color, spanned the Pacific with artificial auroras, and reddened the sky almost as far away as Antarctica. Brilliant, many-colored lights changed and danced over Samoa, flashed across remote Campbell Island 5,600 miles from Johnston Island. On the northern side of the magnetic equator, where the same atmospheric force lines dive into the atmosphere, parts of Alaska saw the northern version of New Zealand's aurora. The explosion itself was silent to human ears, but its power caused the earth's atmosphere and magnetic field to vibrate, jangling scientific instruments all around the world.

Most of those who saw the massive fireworks display were stunned into awe or fear by its magnificence. Samoan natives insisted that the moon had burst, and a Bible-reading lady in New Zealand called a newspaper office to ask calmly if the end of the world had begun. Watchers on the beach at Hawaii gasped in surprise at the unexpected daylight, and the pilot of a Canadian Pacific airliner flying to Sydney turned his plane about to give his passengers a breathtaking view of the eerie sight. "Everybody has seen fireballs in pictures," said an amazed Hawaiian, "but no one has ever seen the sky on fire before."

No Fallout. Russia and Red China predictably accused the U.S. of committing a crime against mankind, but international

reaction to the blast was generally calm. U.S. assurances that the explosion would not create hazardous fallout or do any kind of permanent damage seemed to have allayed most fears. Most of the scientists who had opposed the test on the ground that it might do long-lasting damage to the earth's upper atmosphere and the Van Allen radiation belt were reserving judgment. Scientists in New Zealand, the country most affected by the blast, treated it as an interesting scientific experiment—and a pleasure to observe.

The high-altitude shot was billed by the Atomic Energy Commission as an experiment to discover what effect a powerful nuclear explosion above the atmosphere would have on radio communications. But its purpose was much broader and more important to the U.S. than that. The blast was principally designed to help develop a defense against large intercontinental missiles—and most of the observations made by thousands of official instruments are still military secrets. In fact, nonofficial observers report that radio communication was not blacked out for as long as expected. Tokyo's communications with the U.S. were back in working order in 40 minutes. Australia talked with Hawaii and San Francisco 20 minutes after the blast.

Most of the observations have not yet been interpreted, but U.S. scientists are cherishing every scrap of data. Eventually they hope to piece it all together to determine what the spectacular blast meant for the security of the U.S. and the gains and perils of probing into space with man's most powerful weapon.

THE ECONOMY

The Tax-Cut Decision

John Kennedy has a way of making decisions privately, then allowing himself to be publicly prodded into doing what he planned all along. The best example was his strategy in ordering a renewal of U.S. nuclear testing: he made up his mind to test after the Russian blasts began, then waited to announce U.S. resumption until almost every segment of the nation was behind his decision. Last week it seemed to many in Washington that he was applying the same strategy to a tax cut. The theory was strong, among his advisers and

others, that he has already decided that taxes should be cut to spur the economy, and is only waiting for a propitious moment.

Frank Language. Whether or not the theory is true, Kennedy had no lack of urging. With U.S. business and labor already on record for a slash, M.I.T. Economist Paul Samuelson, a close Kennedy adviser, wrote a strongly worded article for London's influential *Financial Times* in which he predicted that the odds are "at least even that a new downturn will come before the year's end—unless new Government action is taken." His recommendation, duly reported in the U.S.: "A sizable across-the-board reduction in tax rates on persons and corporations." Samuelson was so disturbed by the U.S. economy's state that he even hazarded some political prognostication: that the Democratic sweep he had expected in November does not now seem likely.

If that was frank language, the President heard more of it from a group of 17 top U.S. businessmen whom he had invited to the White House for a lunch that lasted until nearly 4 p.m.* The meeting was cordial, and it helped both Kennedy and



M.I.T.'s SAMUELSON
The odds are even.

the businessmen to understand each other's problems better. Most, but by no means all, of the businessmen favored an immediate tax cut. The businessmen told Kennedy that they liked his new depreciation schedule (see BUSINESS), but took

the opportunity to express some complaints right to his face. They asked Kennedy why he had so many Harvardmen around him (Kennedy chuckled), deplored the aggressiveness of the Government's trustbusters, criticized the Administration's penchant for becoming involved in so many collective-bargaining disputes and its habit of making too many public pronouncements about the economy. Kennedy was pleased with the luncheon dialogue, and both he and the businessmen agreed that there ought to be similar get-togethers in the future.

Another Cup of Tea. Next day the President met at the White House with his top economics lieutenants, including Chief Economics Adviser Walter Heller, Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges and a half dozen others. Also there in good grace: Paul Samuelson. Heller and his fellow council members had stayed up until 3 a.m. the night before preparing an all-out case for a prompt tax reduction to perk up the economy—and they presented it forcefully to Kennedy.

In plotting any tax-cut tactics, Kennedy would have to find a way to get around some large stumbling blocks. Treasury Secretary Dillon, of course, is against a tax cut because it would imperil next year's tax-reform bill—but as a Cabinet member he would not publicly oppose Kennedy's decision. Virginia's leathery old Harry Byrd, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, is another cup of tea: he is fiercely opposed to tax cuts without compensating cuts in federal spending, and last week he said: "I'm going to fight them until hell freezes over." But the man who worries Kennedy most of all is Democrat Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee—the committee that must originate all tax legislation. Mills has let the White House know that he does not want a tax cut now; and Kennedy knows that even if he could persuade Mills not to oppose one actively, Mills would only have to drag his feet to get a tax-cut bill in trouble in Congress.

Trying for a slash and not getting it would not only embarrass the Kennedy Administration, but would likely multiply economic uncertainty. Kennedy cannot afford such an eventuality, and that may well be why he has not acted so far. By seeming to go through an agonizing process of decision, he allows time for pressure to build up until Congress is won over to the idea—and he seems to have a national mandate for doing what he already feels is necessary.

Fashionable Worry

It has become almost fashionable in Washington to worry about the U.S. balance-of-payments deficit, that longstanding cause of the U.S. gold outflow. Economists frequently deplore it, businessmen point to it with alarm, and the Administration itself has put some of its best minds to work combating it. Thanks to all the fuss, the balance-of-payments problem may no longer be such a worry. Last week Treasury Under Secretary Robert V. Roosa told the House Banking and

Currency Committee that the U.S.'s payments deficit in the second quarter of 1962 was very much smaller than in the first quarter, and that the deficit for the year is shaping up at between \$1 billion and \$1.5 billion, a vast improvement over last year's \$2.5 billion.

The Administration has taken several measures to solve the problem, with some strong help from U.S. business. The latest



TREASURY'S ROOSA
The balance is not so unbalanced.

improvement is the result of better control of military expenditures abroad, more procurement in the U.S. of goods financed by U.S. loans, and a continued rise in U.S. exports; in April, exports climbed to an annual rate of \$21.5 billion, a near record, putting the balance of trade at an annual rate of \$5 billion in the U.S.'s favor. The hopeful balance-of-payments figures were also helped along by a decrease in short-term capital outflow (thanks in part to devaluation of the Canadian dollar) and the prepayment by France of \$293.4 million owed to the U.S. Last week's drop in the gold supply to a 23-year low, which alarmed many who read the financial pages, was largely accounted for by a single transaction: France's routine exchange of \$112 million in accumulated dollar reserves for U.S. gold.

In any case, the balance-of-payments problem, while bothersome enough to a nation that aspires to keep its books balanced, is not the bugaboo that it has sometimes seemed to be. It would be crucial if the U.S. had a true payments deficit in the sense that other deficit nations do—but the U.S. does not. The U.S. deficit is a result of its heavy foreign aid and military programs abroad—without which the U.S. would have a healthy payments surplus—and not of any basic imbalance in its economic relations with other nations. It is therefore far less important than the health of the U.S. economy itself, which holds the real key to how the balance of

* Among them: Harold Boeschenstein, president of Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp.; John T. Connor, president of Merck & Co.; Armand G. Erpf, partner in Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co.; Alfred Hayes, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York; Frederick Kappel, chairman of the board of American Telephone & Telegraph Co.; Roy Larsen, chairman of the executive committee of Time Inc.; Gaylord Freeman Jr., vice chairman of the First National Bank of Chicago; Sidney Weinberg, partner in Goldman, Sachs & Co.; Sigurd S. Larmon, board chairman, Young & Rubicam.

payments goes. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon is sticking to his prediction that the adverse balance-of-payments situation will end by late 1963. If that hopeful prediction does nothing else, it should at least enable economists to concentrate more attention on solving the problems of a sluggish U.S. economy.

THE ADMINISTRATION

One of the Boys

The boys at the Horseshoe Tavern in Boston's proud but impoverished Charlestown district can hardly get over it. Every time they pick up their newspaper—or so it seems—there is their own Dave Powers, sitting as big as life next to the President of the U.S. David Francis Powers, the boy from Charlestown, is officially listed as a White House staff assistant—but that is only half the story. In the informal, easygoing atmosphere of the Kennedy

Skinny Candidate. Powers was an unemployed Air Force veteran living with his sister back in 1946 when a young man appeared at the door of their Charlestown three-decker and said: "My name is John Kennedy. I'm going to be a candidate for Congress, and I'd like to have you with me." The meeting turned into friendship, and Powers, who was said to know almost everyone in Charlestown by his first name, soon was leading Kennedy up and down the back steps of the neighborhood's countless three-deckers, popping into kitchens where neighbors pledged their vote and solicitously insisted on feeding the skinny young candidate. Kennedy won, and has never forgotten Dave's help. In every Kennedy campaign since 1952, Powers has taken leave from his job with the Massachusetts state housing board to give a helping hand, traveled 72,657 miles during the 1960 campaign.

Powers is neither buffoon nor court

casual about it all. He describes the Shah of Iran as "my kind of shah," charmed Britain's Prime Minister Macmillan by presenting him to Kennedy as "the greatest name in Britain." Meeting Grace Kelly and Rainier on the White House steps, Powers was so taken by Grace's beauty that he said, "Welcome to the White House, Princess," then turned away before remembering that her husband was there too. He wheeled around and added: "And you too, Prince." When he met Nikita Khrushchev in Vienna, Powers had a problem: "I had to remind myself not to smile," he says. "That's pretty hard when you are used to smiling."

A devoted husband and father of three, Powers expects to go back to his state job in Boston—and to the Horseshoe Tavern—when John Kennedy finishes his latest grand adventure. Meanwhile, he is refreshingly modest about his moments of glory. "Anybody could do what I do," he says. "I'm just lucky that the President likes the way I do it."

Back on the Hustings

"It's a department of dirty water, dirty air and dirty looks. I feel sorry for the so-and-so who is going to take my place." So last week said Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Abraham Ribicoff, referring at a lively Washington party to the post he was about to resign. The first Cabinet member to be appointed by Kennedy, Ribicoff was also the first to leave. He was not exactly bitter, but he was glad to be getting back to what he likes best. "I like the challenge of elective office," he told a Connecticut TV audience. "I want to be in the United States Senate. I want a vote as well as a voice." With that, Connecticut's Democratic convention predictably nominated him, and he promised, if elected, to serve out the rest of his days in the Senate.

Least Glamorous. For Abe Ribicoff, service in the Kennedy Administration had not brought much of either a voice or a vote. Ribicoff, an able and savvy politician, was an early Kennedy supporter, and he expected to become Attorney General. Instead, he was given the HEW appointment—after it proved impolitic to hand it to Soapy Williams. Then Ribicoff also got word that a long-discussed post on the Supreme Court was not for him; he disclaimed his candidacy before the first vacancy went to Whizzer White.

Even worse, Ribicoff found himself outside the President's inner circle of confidants. It was the technicians of the Cabinet—McNamara, Dillon, Rusk—who had the President's ear, but they rarely saw fit to question his political judgment. So Abe was reduced to the dull and thankless job of administering a department.

In the Backwaters. Administering HEW turned out to be an excruciating task. HEW contains an unlikely collection of agencies whose activities range all the way from operating a school for the blind to child guidance, from caring for social security to financing cancer research. Ribicoff had responsibility for 110 programs, 75 separate budgets, and the work of 75,000 civil servants. He had voted



POWERS & FRIEND AFTER MASS
He keeps his mouth above water.



AT ALL-STAR GAME

Administration, the elfish, ebullient Powers, 49, plays a unique role as John Kennedy's constant companion, morale builder, tension lifter and joke teller. One reason for his value is that even amid the glitter of the nation's capital, he still remains a son of Charlestown. Says Dave casually: "It's the best White House I've ever worked in."

Powers is the White House receptionist, with the serious duty of getting visitors to the President on time and in good humor. From his private office in the White House's East Wing or from the big reception desk in the West Wing, Dave may sally forth to relax the President with a political story or a new joke (Kennedy sometimes complains that there are not enough new ones) or conduct a White House tour for VIPs. He frequently dines with the President, has accompanied him overseas, swims with him almost daily in the White House swimming pool, where, says Dave, "all you've got to do is keep your head above water so you can talk." Says a White House aide: "When you see Dave with the President, you know the President has forgotten business and is relaxing."

jester but a shrewd and amiable Irishman who knows the President's moods and specializes in the topics of the day with a dry wit and sometimes sharp thrust. Universally liked around the White House, he carefully addresses Kennedy as "Mr. President," just as carefully avoids homing in on any serious matters of state. His invariable greeting for even the stuffiest White House visitor is "Hi, pal." As he rode through the streets of Paris in a motorcade after meeting Charles de Gaulle, Powers waved to the crowd and shouted: "Comment alley-ooos, pal?"

"You Too, Prince." One of Powers' great attractions for Baseball Fan John Kennedy is his encyclopedic memory for baseball statistics. Last week Powers accompanied Kennedy to the All-Star game, was readily identifiable in the pictures that showed a foul ball landing near the presidential box. Reporting a game some months ago, a newspaper erroneously said that Powers had ducked a foul. The gang at the Horseshoe Tavern indignantly formed a "We Know Dave Powers Didn't Flinch Club," signed up 200 members.

Though Dave frequently meets the high and mighty in his post, he is pretty



INVESTIGATOR McCLELLAN DEMONSTRATING
An awkward way to commit suicide.

and you increase the potentialities of Communist aggression." The House still insisted on being recorded against such aid, but it finally gave the President, by a vote of 277-4, the power to waive the ban.

Gaining Power. The Administration hopes to remove some of the other hobbling amendments when a conference committee compromises the House and Senate bills, but the evidence of congressional anger was too loud and clear to be ignored. Foreign aid funds will certainly be cut when such aid-haters as Louisiana Congressman Otto Passman get their hands on the actual appropriations bill—but the Administration expects that. More alarming was the evidence that, despite the foreign aid program's considerable successes, its critics are gaining power in Congress—which one day may balk at taking its bitter medicine at all.

INVESTIGATIONS

Murder, He Said

Arkansas' Senator John McClellan reached out his left hand, grabbed the long-barreled, bolt-action Remington .22 rifle at the balance, stretched a long, bony finger to the trigger, and poked the muzzle doubtfully into his belly. With that vivid gesture, Investigations Subcommittee Chairman McClellan last week voiced his conviction that the death, in June 1961, of Henry Marshall—a Texas cotton-program specialist for the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service whose jurisdiction included Billie Sol Estes' cotton dealings—was murder. Said the Senator sternly: "I don't think it takes many deductions to reach the irrevocable conclusion that no man committed suicide with a weapon like this. He would have had to place the gun in an awkward position, pull the trigger and then work the bolt, while wounded, four more times."

In last week's hearings Marshall, who has been ruled a suicide by Texas authorities, was very much in evidence. Testimony showed that he several times had warned Agriculture Department officials

that Billie Sol's wholesale cotton allotment transfers might be illegal. Why had officials been so slow to act on his warning? No answer was forthcoming. First, W. Lewis David, Marshall's onetime boss in Texas, told the committee he had approved Estes' operations—with Marshall's reluctant consent—under a Washington directive that such dealings were to be okayed if the applicant merely certified that the transaction was bona fide. Then Leonard C. Williams, a former Marshall aide, said that the dead official in 1960 had warned his staff that Estes' deals were fishy. The Agriculture Department agreed, but not until May 1962.

While the hearings headed deeper into the mystery, El Paso U.S. District Court Judge Robert Ewing Thomason at week's end listened to eight minutes of legal wrangling, swiftly decided that Billie Sol Estes was obviously bankrupt. He ordered foreclosure notices tacked up on everything Billie Sol owns except for the lavish Estes home in Pecos. That same day Billie Sol himself sailed into court, serenely pleaded innocent to a multimillion-dollar federal fraud charge; moments later, his three co-defendants admitted their guilt.

POLITICS

Five for the Money

In New York after a trip to Europe, Richard M. Nixon last week had a word or two about November for newsmen. "The gubernatorial contests are the real sleepers as far as Republicans are concerned," he said, and went on to predict G.O.P. victories in New York, California, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan. As of now a sure win seems certain only in New York, where Democrats have not even found a candidate to face popular Nelson Rockefeller. Good G.O.P. possibilities: Ohio and Pennsylvania. Toss-ups: Michigan and Nixon's own California. But Nixon's prediction, however sanguine, threw sudden light on an interesting fact: the Democrats are not shoo-ins in the five states with the biggest urban vote.

CRIME

The Untouchables

Compared with most federal outfits, the Bureau of Narcotics is a midget. It operates with only about 300 agents, spends a piddling \$4,400,000 a year. Yet it has a punch that far belies its size—and that punch has made it one of the most controversial organizations in Government. The controversy is over the bureau's insistence, in its relentless and efficient pursuit of narcotics pushers and lawbreaking addicts, that narcotics is chiefly a law-enforcement problem—a view often criticized by doctors and others who believe that addicts ought to be treated as patients instead of criminals.

Most of the recent controversy has swirled around Federal Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger, 70, who retired fortnight ago after serving as the bureau's head since it was established in 1930. Anslinger was widely criticized for his inflexible enforcement policies, was dubbed "The Untouchable" by his critics. But his departure from the scene ends neither the controversy nor his policies. Last week Anslinger's duties were taken over by his deputy, Henry L. Giordano, 48, a tough enforcement officer since 1941 and an Anslinger protégé who agrees with most of his old boss's views. Says Giordano: "We're in favor of increased rehabilitation, and always have been. But that doesn't mean we have to be any easier on the pushers."

Under the Baby. To the bureau, enforcement is the key to solving the narcotics problem. Some 40,000 known addicts illegally buy heroin in the U.S., many of them from pushers. The Chinese Communists was rich by exporting large amounts of heroin to the free world, much of which ends up in the U.S. To combat the traffic in narcotics, the bureau's agents work under cover, infiltrate



NARCOTICS BUREAU'S GIORDANO
One way to deal with pushers.



DAVID E. SCHERMAN—LIFE

NEBRASKA FARM How ya gonna get 'em off?

gangs, even act as couriers between criminals. Often they have to shoot it out with narcotics racketeers. They have to watch for dope in some of the most unlikely places—hidden in compartments of imported cars, in ice bags, cans of bean sprouts, jewelry cases, the brassières of airline hostesses. Only last week, narcotics cops in Manhattan arrested a woman pusher who was sitting on a park bench, rocking her baby in a carriage. Under the baby's mattress was a supply of heroin that the pusher was selling to customers who paused to chuck the baby under the chin.

Because of its vigilance, the bureau has considerably arrested addiction and narcotics racketeering over the years. In 1930, when Anslinger was named head of the newly formed bureau, one out of every 1,070 Americans was an addict; today, the proportion is one in 4,000. Thanks also to Anslinger's strict enforcement philosophy, addiction in youngsters—once a terrifying trend—has been severely curtailed. By cracking down unmercifully on pushers who found ready markets among young people (and by pressing through Congress in 1936 an optional death penalty for pushers who sell narcotics to minors), the bureau has helped to drop the number of addicts under 21 from 131 out of 1,000 in 1934 to 38 in 1,000 today. U.S. parents, who helplessly feared only a few years ago that many of their children were destined to become addicts through exposure to illegal narcotics, no longer have to consider narcotics a major worry.

Hardened Criminals. Despite occasional newspaper accounts of the ill-starred pusher who was forced into his illegal activity by helpless addiction, many pushers are hardened criminal types who make a big profit for themselves while spreading addiction. The bureau's critics hold no brief for the big-shot racketeers or their small-time henchmen who do the actual pushing, but they insist that some sort of

post-hospital psychiatric care—and small doses of drugs when necessary—would not only cure many addicts permanently but put an end to the profitable smuggling trade. As things stand now, efforts to rehabilitate addicts have not been very successful: as many as 90% of those treated in two federal hospitals fall back again on dope. Everyone agrees that more hospitals and more psychiatrists would help, but until they come, the Narcotics Bureau feels that its main contribution is to make narcotics as hard as possible to obtain.

AGRICULTURE A Farewell to Farms

"How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm?" a once popular song used to ask. Nowadays, that is not the problem at all. In an agricultural policy paper published this week, the Committee for Economic Development, a highly respected organization of top-level businessmen and educators, takes a cool-eyed look at the Federal Government's farm mess and concludes that the essential problem is how to get more of the nation's farmers off the farms.

Fact to Be Faced. Since the late 1940s, overall U.S. farm output per worker has more than doubled. As a result, total farm production has greatly increased, despite a steady migration of farmers and sons of farmers into nonfarm jobs. But U.S. demand for farm products has failed to keep pace with the supply, and the result has been an oversupply that has put persistent downward pressure on farm prices and farmers' incomes.

The Government for the past decade has tried to cope with this situation by means of what C.E.D. calls a "protectionist approach"—a web of price supports and production controls designed to keep farm incomes up and output down (TIME, June 29). But this approach has failed: despite the burdensome costs of

U.S. farm programs, farm incomes have lagged substantially behind the growth of U.S. per capita income.

As an alternative, C.E.D. advocates what it calls an "adaptive approach"—farm policies that work along with market forces instead of against them, and that aim toward an eventual free market in agriculture. The essential fact to be faced, argues C.E.D., is that with present high levels of farm productivity, more labor is engaged in agricultural production than the market demands—in short, there are too many farmers. To solve that problem, C.E.D. offers a program with three main prongs.

Down to Zero. The first is an immediate slash in present price supports, which tend to perpetuate overproduction by making it profitable to grow crops that are already in oversupply. C.E.D. proposes to cut the supports to the estimated levels that would prevail in a free market after supply and demand had come into equilibrium. The U.S. Government would maintain these "adjustment" supports for five years, then get out of the price-support business completely and permanently. For wheat and a few other oversupply crops, the cut in price would be so great that growers would suffer too drastic a drop in income; for these farmers, C.E.D. proposes temporary "income protection" subsidies, which would shrink year by year and come to an end altogether after five years.

In the meantime, during those five years, the other prongs of the C.E.D. plan would work toward making any price supports unnecessary. C.E.D. urges various measures for helping low-income farmers, and rural youngsters headed toward farming, to earn a living in nonfarm occupations. The proposals include 1) improvements in rural education, with a shift of emphasis from training for agriculture to training for industry, 2) extension of federal-state unemployment services to rural areas, 3) retraining programs for

farmers, and even 4) direct grants to farm families moving off the land and into industrial centers.

Still another prong would consist of measures to divert land from production of crops now in oversupply—a temporary five-year “soil bank,” plus a special plan for transforming wheatlands on the arid western fringes of the wheat belt into grasslands for grazing cattle.

Everybody but Bureaucrats. If all these measures were adopted, says C.E.D., the number of U.S. farmers would decline by one-third within the next five years. But those remaining in farming would enjoy higher incomes, without price supports or controls, than U.S. farmers now average with all the Government's expensive help. The yearly costs of U.S. farm programs would decline by billions of dollars. Farmers, ex-farmers, consumers and taxpayers—everybody except perhaps some ex-bureaucrats—would be better off. “The program we are proposing,” says C.E.D., “is aimed at realization—for the farmer's benefit and the nation's—of all the potential of U.S. agricultural efficiency.”

THE LAW

The Last Mile?

Across the U.S., some 250 condemned men are languishing behind bars, waiting to be executed for their crimes. Almost all of them could join in the lament of Paul Orville Crump, an inmate of Cook County (Ill.) jail: “I don't want to die. I want to live.” To the State of Illinois, Crump is Prisoner 143384, male Negro, age 32—a convicted murderer sentenced to die in the electric chair Aug. 3. Crump's fight for life has stirred the biggest and most surprising outburst of clemency pleas since the Caryl Chessman case two years ago—but for far different reasons.

Nearly the entire staff of Crump's prison is marshaled behind the mounting save-Crump crusade, including the warden, the guards, the doctors, nurses, social workers and psychiatrists. Illinois Governor Otto Kerner has been besieged by requests for clemency from the likes of Billy Graham, Father Charles Dismas Clark (the “hoodlum priest”), state representatives, the former warden of San Quentin prison, the former county sheriff, a host of lawyers, sociologists and teachers. Two Chicago dailies, the *American* and the *News*, and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, have weighed in with strong editorial support for mercy. A Chicago TV station added dramatic impetus to the cause, airing a three-hour panel discussion direct from the jail—and featuring Crump himself. By unanimous agreement, 300 Chicago ministers sermonized their flocks on salvation for the convicted killer.

Seven Hours from Death. Why this great crusade? Paul Crump's road to crime is no different from that traveled by hundreds of other convicts. One of 13 children raised in the squalor of Chicago's Negro ghetto, Crump learned to fend for himself after his father deserted the family when he was six. He dropped out of

high school after only one year, graduated rapidly from stealing bicycles to armed robbery, for which he was dumped into the Illinois state penitentiary for three years when just 16.

After his release, Crump bummed around for several years and went through several jobs. Then, at 23, he got into real trouble. On the morning of March 20, 1953, three hooded gunmen ambushed two payroll clerks and a guard in a corridor of Libby, McNeill & Libby's Chicago plant and robbed them of \$20,318. As they fled, one of the bandits gunned down a guard. Within 48 hours, police had rounded up Crump and four other Negroes, including two getaway car drivers. One of the accused, Hudson Tillman, fingered Crump



CONVICT CRUMP

Before dying, one must justify living.

as the murderer, and Crump confessed. He retracted his confession at his trial, but was found guilty and sentenced to death. Tillman, because he turned state's evidence, was sentenced to 17 years in prison, is up for parole next year; the other three men got 199 years each. Over the nine years since then, Crump has steadfastly insisted on his innocence, maintaining that police used brutality to wring a false confession out of him. Because of involved legal technicalities, the fact that Tillman was a known dope addict, and Crump's charge of a forced confession, he has managed to stave off the executioner by carrying his appeal all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, gaining 41 continuances and one retrial (he was convicted again) and evading 14 dates with the chair—one just seven hours away.

Born Boss. Despite this, the unique aspect of Crump's case is that it does not rest on his guilt or innocence, but on what has happened to him while in jail. Unlike Chessman, who was arrogant and pathologically egotistical to the last, Crump ap-

pears to be totally reformed—so remarkably so, in fact, that his attorney, Donald P. Moore, this week is basing his appeal to the state parole board, which will recommend a course to the Governor, on an argument virtually without precedent in legal history: Crump's rehabilitation. Among the 60 persons who have given more than 200 pages of glowing testimony about Crump is Prison Guard Jack Fahey, whose life Crump saved by disarming an inmate during an escape attempt, and Warden Jack Johnson, a Crump admirer, who says that executing Crump “would be committing capital vengeance, not punishment.”

It was not always so. When Crump first entered the antiquated, overcrowded county jail, he was described as “savage” and “animalistic,” helped instigate a riot himself. But under the guiding hand of beefy, reform-minded Warden Johnson, 44, Crump gradually began to come round. He read voraciously, boned up on law, philosophy, sociology and the Bible (he is a convert to Catholicism). Today Paul Crump reigns as “barn boss” of a cell-block tier housing sick and problem convicts, works long hours administering to their needs. In his tiny cell, cluttered with books and manuscripts, he writes poetry, spices his correspondence with quotes from Nietzsche and William Blake. He has just completed his first novel, *Burn, Killer, Burn*, to be published, at his request, after his fate has been decided, is hopefully working on his second. “One ought to be ashamed to die,” he says, “until he has contributed something in justification of his living.”

CIVIL DEFENSE

Explored Myth

“When the skies are clear,” observed President Kennedy at his last press conference, “no one is interested.” He was referring to the general lack of interest in his \$450 million fallout shelter program, currently stagnating in both the Senate and House Armed Services Committees without the benefit of a single hearing. Proposed nearly six months ago when skies were clouded by the Berlin crisis, the shelter program has met with increasing indifference, based primarily on the popular belief that the American people themselves have become indifferent.

The fact is, as a recent Roper survey sponsored by Michigan State University shows, that an overwhelming majority of the people are still very much concerned with the fallout protection program. The survey showed that 68% of the people polled backed a program for including shelters in the design of large new buildings, 77% were for converting suitable rooms and basements in schools and hospitals into shelters, and 86% favored the Government's marking, stocking and equipping existing shelter areas in large buildings, subways, corridors. Will the U.S. be attacked in the next 20 years? Fifty-two per cent thought no, 26% said yes, 22% crossed their fingers.

THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN

Shake-Up

Prime Minister Harold Macmillan has a reputation for being unflappable. But ambitious young Tory backbenchers have long complained that he is not ruthless enough in cutting away political liabilities and making room on his Cabinet team for new faces. Harold Macmillan last week again proved that he can be both flappable and ruthless. In a move that shook Britain, he summarily fired seven members of his 21-man Cabinet and reshuffled twice as many portfolios. Inevitably, the press called him "Mac the Knife."

Macmillan's action was triggered by last week's by-election at North-East Leicester, where the Conservative candidate ran a poor third with 6,578 votes, beaten not only by the victorious Laborite (11,274) but also by the upstart Liberal (9,326), who was making his party's first bid for the seat in twelve years. For several months, Macmillan has been going down to his ministerial estate at Chequers to brood in solitude over the long succession of by-elections in which Conservatives suffered severe setbacks. Day after the North-East Leicester election, Macmillan spent eight hours in his office at Admiralty House conferring with his ministers. Those being fired were in and out quickly; those being promoted stayed a bit longer.

Delphic Utterance. The most important head to roll was that of Selwyn Lloyd, who as Chancellor of the Exchequer has administered the government's vastly unpopular, anti-inflationary "pay pause," designed to hold down wages and prices. When he was bluntly informed of his dismissal after five years as a loyal Macmillan ally, Lloyd acidly wrote the Prime Minister: "I realize the policies with which I've been associated have been unpopular. On the other hand, I believe they have been right . . . I know you are well aware that the growth of public expenditure should not outstrip our resources."

Macmillan answered: "You can rest assured that we intend to continue on the path that you have prepared." A Delphic utterance that seemed to leave open the possibility of a change of direction. In Lloyd's place, Macmillan named Reginald Maudling, 45, who as head of the Colonial Office has been the latest servant to preside over the projected liquidation of the Queen's empire (Kenya, Uganda, the West Indies). He has great ability, but usually fails to work hard in fields that do not interest him; economics interests him very much. The big question: whether, through Maudling, Macmillan intends to scrap Selwyn Lloyd's line and move toward inflation ("reflation," as it is currently known in Britain); or whether, in the midst of the crucial negotiations for Britain's entry into the Common Market, he will try to keep to his anti-inflationary poli-

cies, merely putting a more amiable and popular man in charge.

The Little List. Among the other axed Cabinet members:

► Defense Minister Harold Watkinson, who has been accused of fatally weakening Britain's armed forces (conscription ended during his tenure of office). His successor: Peter Thorneycroft, 52, former Chancellor of the Exchequer and Minister of Aviation, an urbane, acerbic politician who likes to be called a "Tory" because the word is "short, sharp and abusive."

► Lord Chancellor Viscount Kilmuir, 62,

Macmillan's remaining more or less successfully in office. The vacant Home Ministry went to Henry Brooke, the abstemious former Paymaster General who once called himself the "most hated man in England" after pushing through a bill raising rents for 800,000 citizens.

Four important Cabinet ministers remained firmly in place. Edward Heath is still Lord Privy Seal in charge of Common Market negotiations; the Colonial Office has been put under the able administration of Duncan Sandys, who already heads



MACMILLAN & LLOYD



MACLEOD



MAUDLING

Mac the Knife was both flappable and ruthless.



BUTLER

who for seven years presided over the judiciary. Successor: Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, Attorney-General, widely nicknamed "Reggie Bullying-Manner."

► Sir David Eccles, 57, Education Minister, a publicity-conscious politician who tried to cope with Britain's teacher shortage. Successor: Sir Edward Boyle, 38, who at 27 was Britain's youngest M.P. and is touted as a political comar.

► Dr. Charles Hill, 58, Minister of Housing. Successor: Sir Keith Joseph, a member of Lloyd's and Minister of State at the Board of Trade. He is one of the few Tory Jews in Parliament.

Stand or Fall. Chief gainer in the Cabinet shuffle is dependable, tough-minded Richard Austen Butler, 59, promoted from the Home Ministry to the newly created post of First Secretary of State, becoming, in effect, her apparent to Macmillan. But the fact that Macmillan has named "Rab" Butler to the No. 2 Cabinet post does not mean necessarily that he will ever obtain No. 1. Since he is now even more closely tied to the Prime Minister and his policies, Butler's political fortunes largely depend on

Commonwealth Relations; and Lord Home continues as the Foreign Secretary. One surprise to outsiders was the survival of Iain Macleod as party chairman because he is widely blamed for the Tories' repeated defeats. Macmillan feels that this criticism is unfair, that Macleod deserves more time to show what he can do.

After this radical operation, Harold Macmillan more than ever will have to stand or fall by the success of his administration. The new Cabinet certainly improves the government's "image," but many critics feel that the new faces are mostly familiar Establishment types, and that, for instance, any practical business talent is lacking among them. The Conservative *Daily Telegraph* optimistically announced: "The government has a fresher and stronger look." Opposition leaders were derisive. Labor's Hugh Gaitskell called the Cabinet shake-up "a political massacre which can only be interpreted as a gigantic admission of failure." Joseph Grimond, chief of the resurgent Liberals, declared: "After twelve years in office, it is too late for the Tories to try and put a new face on their administration."

SPAIN

Facing the Future

At long last, Spain's Francisco Franco faced up to the fact that he is mortal. For 25 years, the Spanish dictator has stubbornly clung to all the reins of power and refused publicly to designate a successor. Last week, giving way to growing pressure for change and acknowledging his 69 years, Franco did what few dictators have the nerve to do: selected an heir apparent. His choice: tough, crusty Captain General Agustín Muñoz Grandes, 66, chief of the Spanish General Staff and an old friend of *El Caudillo's* (see box). Muñoz Grandes was named to the newly created post of Vice Premier and delegated to take charge of Spain's government in the event of Franco's "vacancy, absence, or illness."

The move enhances the future return of the Bourbons to the Spanish throne, and assures that the army will be able both to maintain its own interests and preserve order on Franco's death. Franco envisages Muñoz Grandes, who suffers from both ulcers and heart trouble, not as the future chief of state but only as the head of a caretaker government backed by the strongly monarchist army. "If Franco should die or suddenly fall ill,"

explained one Franco aide, "Muñoz Grandes will be at the head of the government dignitaries waiting at the airport to greet either Don Juan or his son, Prince Juan Carlos—whichever the regime chooses as successor." Should a mishap befall Franco in the next five or six years, his successor will almost certainly be Don Juan; after that, Juan Carlos will have a chance.

Muñoz Grandes' appointment was only one change in Franco's first major Cabinet overhaul since 1957. With Spain's application pending for association with the Common Market and with the growing demand for social and economic liberalization in the wake of last spring's crippling strikes, Franco purged the Cabinet of seven reactionary old ministers. The important replacements are younger than their predecessors and more oriented to the economic and political reforms of the New Europe. They include:

► Manuel Fraga Iribarne, 40, Minister of Information, who is expected to ease Spain's press censorship through the completion of a long-delayed and less restrictive new press law. He replaces narrow-minded Gabriel Arias Salgado, 58, who has rigidly suppressed the news ever since the Civil War and has regarded all writers and intellectuals with suspicion.

► Gregorio López Bravo, 38, Minister of Industry, a brainy, highly trained industrialist who, at the age of 31, was manager of one of Spain's biggest shipbuilding firms. He replaces Joaquín Planell, 71, who has consistently resisted liberal, free-enterprise reforms.

► Jesús Romero Gorria, 45, Minister of Labor, an advocate of higher wages and better bargaining rights for Spain's working force. He replaces Ferrn Sanz Orrio, 60, who was fired after letting the Asturias strikers get out of hand by refusing to take any steps to end the walkouts.

The Cabinet reshuffle demonstrated Franco's dexterity in dealing himself a new hand that both strengthened his position and at least partly quieted his critics. His new Cabinet is probably the strongest he ever had. At week's end, the government issued a statement calling for greater economic progress and stressing Spain's willingness to "participate more actively in the process of European economic cooperation and political cohesion." Satisfied with his shifts, Franco let it be known that he would soon meet Don Juan somewhere outside the country to discuss the Cabinet changes and the succession with Spain's presumptive future king.

CARETAKER AFTER FRANCO

INTIMATES of Spain's new Vice Premier often call him *Facha*—a Castilian expression implying "What a sight!" Though he is a dandy in his uniform, Agustín Muñoz Grandes has never liked the pomp of his office as chief of Spain's General Staff, and has remained a relatively modest man. He regularly attends soccer games in Madrid dressed in sports clothes more suitable to a workman; he and his wife live in a small, unpretentious apartment, and he rolls his own small black cigarettes. Unlike other Cabinet ministers who tool around Madrid in chauffeur-driven Cadillacs and Mercedeses, Muñoz Grandes favors a small black sedan. Once he drove along Madrid's streets stopping chauffeured military cars whose only passengers were army wives, politely asked them to get out and take taxis, and told the drivers to go back to the motor pool.

A small, greying, no-nonsense soldier, Muñoz Grandes was born in Madrid in 1896, received his early military education

at the military academy at Toledo, from which he graduated in 1915. For nearly 20 years, he served in Spanish Morocco, where he won a reputation as a fair, able officer. In 1925, while leading one of the Spanish army's Moorish battalions against the Berber uprising in Morocco, he suffered serious chest wounds. One of the leading planners for this campaign was Muñoz Grandes' close associate, Colonel Francisco Franco.

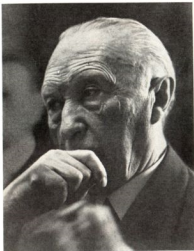
The relationship begun in those broiling hot Moroccan military posts was tempered and strengthened through the Spanish Civil War. At its outbreak, Muñoz Grandes was arrested by the Republicans and sentenced to death, but was released in a routine exchange of prisoners. He quickly joined Franco, was soon commanding a corps on the Pyrenees front. At the end of the war, Muñoz Grandes, at Franco's behest, became secretary-general of the Fascist Falange, specifically to integrate the free-wheeling Falangist militia into the Spanish army.

During World War II, Muñoz Grandes was the first commander of Spain's "Blue Division," which Franco sent to fight alongside the Germans on the Russian front; for bravery in action, Adolf Hitler personally awarded him the Iron Cross. After returning to Madrid, Muñoz Grandes served in several army posts, played an important part in negotiating Spain's 1953 agreement to permit U.S. air bases on Spanish soil. In 1957 Franco promoted him to the rank of captain general (the Spanish equivalent of field marshal), the next year named him chief of the General Staff.

Muñoz Grandes is one of the few Spaniards with enough authority to hold the country together, for a while, after the end of the Franco regime. Without question, he is a down-the-line Franco supporter. Recently, when the strikes in the Asturias coalfields were at their height, he was prevailed upon against his will to meet with a delegation of Italian journalists. The interview lasted a brief two sentences. "No, gentlemen, the Franco government is not going to fall," he said. "Good afternoon."

FRANCO & MUÑOZ GRANDES (RIGHT)





PARIS-MATCH

DER ALTE

Concerned with his place in history.

WEST GERMANY

Hanging On

Back in Bonn after a week of parades and prayers that sealed a new era of French-German friendship, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer called a special press conference to deliver a rambling, emotional account of his visit to Charles de Gaulle and of the "eternal" bonds of understanding that now link Europe's once deadly enemies. Coolly he brushed aside impatient newsmen who were more interested in a stunning domestic development: a sharp regional election upset last week of his Christian Democratic Union in North Rhine-Westphalia, West Germany's richest, most populous state, comprising one-third of the whole West German electorate. Last September the C.D.U. lost its absolute majority in the federal Bundestag, was forced to rule by entering into an uneasy coalition with the small Free Democratic Party. Now, in its second major political test in ten months, the C.D.U. slipped again.

Shaky Coalition. North Rhine-Westphalia's voters—Ruhr factory workers, middle-class merchants and farmers—were to choose new deputies for the *Landtag* (state legislature). The election ended the C.D.U.'s control of the 200-seat legislature, reduced the party's seats from 104 to 96. The Free Democrats, who had hopes of boosting their influence, instead lost a seat for a new total of 14. The only gainers were the ideologically right-winged Marxists, who have attracted increasing support since they dropped Marxist neutralist slogans in favor of bourgeois appeals for prosperity, moderate reform and NATO. The S.P.D. last week boosted its percentage of the total vote from 39% to more than 43% (the first time since the war that it has topped the 40% mark), gained nine new places in the legislature for a total of 90.

Main reason for the Christian Democratic setback is the refusal of the aged (86) Chancellor to step down (he has

agreed to do so some time before the end of next year) and arrange for his successor, most likely Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard. When this was pointed out to him last week, *der Alte* did not even deign to reply. He only smiled.

Stubborn Determination. Adenauer remains in remarkable health. He works from 12 to 15 hours a day, has the clear eyes and steady hand that many a younger man has lost. During a recent two-hour conversation with a U.S. visitor, Adenauer spoke with machine-gun speed and great animation, alertly stopped the interpreter when he glossed a point by correcting him in both German and English.

But more and more of Adenauer's fellow Christian Democrats feel that his rigid concentration on foreign policy matters is causing him to lose touch with domestic political events. In the twilight of his career, Adenauer is sure that his place in history will be determined not by domestic political events but by his role in building a new Europe and a new Germany. He is obsessed by the fear that the fruits of his diplomacy—notably, a united French-German front against Communism—will be spoiled by his successors.

Such was the fate in the 18th century of Frederick the Great, who led Prussia to its peak as a great European power but whose successors could not stop Napoleon; such also was the fate in the 19th century of Bismarck, whose political genius created modern Germany and helped give Europe more than 40 years of peace—both destroyed, after his death, by World War I. Adenauer is painfully aware of these parallels in German history, and is determined to delay his departure as long as possible, despite his domestic critics.

ALGERIA

Battle of the Bens

Everyone was reaching for comparisons. The wife of a foreign diplomat described Algeria as a sort of "sophisticated Congo." *Paris-Match* suggested that dissident Mohammed Ben Bella may well become another Castro.

The two opposing Moslem F.L.N. factions opened up on each other with everything but bullets. While moderate Premier Benyousséf Benkhedda tried to spread his influence from Algiers to the southeast, his bitter rival, radical Vice Premier Ben Bella, entered western Algeria for a triumphal march to Oran. After a brief stop at Marnia, his birthplace near the Moroccan border, Ben Bella and his ever-lengthening motorcade drove on to the city of Tlemcen (pop. 80,000). Thousands of veiled women and turbaned men lined the streets, while hundreds of pigtailed little girls in the national colors—white dresses, red sashes, green kerchiefs—sang *Kassaman*, the national anthem.

Delayed March. In his speech, Ben Bella again publicly affirmed his acceptance of the Evian agreements between France and the F.L.N. Provisional Government, but denounced Premier Benkhedda and his Cabinet as trying "to delay the forward march of our revolution."

In turn, he denied Benkhedda's charge that he and his friends hoped "to establish a fascist military dictatorship." All he wanted, protested Ben Bella, was a "socialist regime that takes into account the economic needs and fundamental aspirations of the people."

In a later talk with newsmen, Ben Bella was more explicit. He said flatly that his meeting with two envoys from Premier Benkhedda had come to nothing, and hinted that many of Benkhedda's backers were at the point of switching sides. Ben Bella stated that he is willing to call off the quarrel if Benkhedda will 1) reinstate the three members of the F.L.N. army general staff he fired last month; 2) convoke the 75-man National Council of the Algerian Revolution, in which Ben Bella claims a majority; and 3) free "my friends from jail."

Growing Toughness. Benkhedda carried his case to the people, traveling from Algiers into the mountains of Kazyliya, where 100,000 cheering Berbers welcomed him at Tizi-Ouzou. He told his audience that national unity was essential "if the goals of our revolution are to be achieved." At the same time, in Oran, Ben Bella spoke with growing confidence and toughness.

Yet he should have been sobered by news of closed factories, abandoned farms and shuttered stores that reveal the extent of the economic paralysis caused by the flight of Europeans. Once prosperous Oranville looks like a ghost town with only a few tattered Moslems on its wide boulevards. At Perrégaux, where 20,000 Europeans lived, there are now 150.

In Oran itself, Europeans were in a panic over the mysterious disappearance of several hundred friends and relatives, reportedly kidnaped by the Moslems as suspected members of the Secret Army. Questioned about the missing Europeans, an F.L.N. army officer said curtly, "Consider them all dead. Forget about the dead, as we Moslems have our 2,000,000 victims, and think of the future."



PARIS-MATCH

BEN BELLA IN ORAN
Compared with an Arab Castro.



DELEGATE PONTIUS



HERO OF LABOR & COMRADES

The Big Chief waved the peace pipe, but the wise braves won't believe him.



DELEGATE BERNAL



CANON COLLINS

COMMUNISTS

Gitchee Gumee Revisited

On matters cultural, Nikita Khrushchev is simply not with it; modern art gives him indigestion, and he regards jazz as so much noise. Last week the Kremlin's Red Square reached all the way back to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow trying to convert *The Song of Hiawatha* into a Communist ballad for disarmament without inspection or controls.

Addressing 2,000 delegates from 100 countries who assembled in the tepee—Moscow's Palace of Congresses—for a Red-sponsored peace conference, Khrushchev recalled that Longfellow summoned "the tribes of men" with the plea:

*Bury your war-clubs and your weapons
... Smoke the calumet together,*

"I do not smoke," added Big Chief Nikita, "but really, I would be happy to light the calumet together with the leaders of all powers."

So would the chieftains of the West—but not on Khrushchev's loaded terms. In his speech, before bemedaled female Heroes of Socialist Labor, youthful inno-

cents from Africa and sari-clad matrons from India, Khrushchev rebashed Moscow's charge that controlled disarmament is a form of espionage that "no self-respecting country can accept"; suggested that Scandinavian or Benelux troops plus Polish and Czechoslovak garrisons replace U.S., British and French forces in West Berlin; condemned the current U.S. series of nuclear tests in the Pacific. For good measure, Khrushchev waved his newest war club and boasted that Soviet scientists have developed an anti-missile missile.

Boos & Hisses. Washington doubted that Russian technology could thwart a retaliatory thrust by U.S. missiles, and quickly answered Khrushchev's other charges. Khrushchev's denunciation of U.S. nuclear tests, said the State Department, was sheer hypocrisy, considering the fact that Russia broke the test-ban moratorium last fall. Furthermore, the Western Big Three, added Secretary of State Dean Rusk for the *nth* time, will not pull out of West Berlin.

More surprising than the official U.S. rebuttal was some back talk in Moscow itself. One restrained critic was Canon Lewis John Collins of London's St. Paul's Cathedral, a leading British unilateral disarmament who was accompanied on the trip from London by such other ban-the-bombers as anti-American Pundit Kingsley Martin, ex-editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*, and Physicist John D. Bernal, a Lenin Peace Prize winner. Collins received a hostile reception when he coupled criticism for the "wickedness" of U.S. nuclear tests with Moscow's "grave error" in becoming the first nation to resume tests last fall. A professor of political science from Chicago's Roosevelt University, Dale Pontius, 55, stunned the pro-Communist audience when he declared: "If you continue calling one power a warmonger or a wild beast of imperialism without denouncing your own governments when they pursue activities that endanger the safety of the world, you may get emotional satisfaction by such one-sided denunciation, but you are not helping the cause of peace."

Another member of the 150-man U.S. delegation, Homer Jack, 46, director of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, was booed and hissed when he

denounced U.S. and Soviet atomic tests with equal bitterness, but when he contrasted the freedom of SANE to criticize the U.S. Government with the regime-controlled propaganda of his peace congress hosts, there was only shocked silence. Later, when a group of British, U.S. and Scandinavian youths started a ban-the-bomb march near the meeting hall, police snatched their banners and threatened to deport them as "provocateurs."

"Tricks & Gambols." The provocation consisted mainly of reminding Khrushchev that his professed willingness to smoke the peace pipe was being received with increasing skepticism by even those who do not sit at Western powwows. As Khrushchev should have known, even Hiawatha discovered the need for controls over war clubs.

As Longfellow told the story, Hiawatha one day trustfully left the lodge unguarded only to find that Pau-Puk-Keewis, "whom the people called the Storm-Fool," had entered his home, killed his pet raven, then ransacked the place. After an arduous hunt, Hiawatha slew his treacherous enemy. Only then:

*Ended were his wild adventures,
Ended were his tricks and gambols,
Ended all his craft and cunning,
Ended all his mischief-making.*

SOUTH VIET NAM

Situation: Better

Nearly 700 years ago, when Kublai Khan's Mongol hordes swept out of the north, Viet Nam's legendary military hero, Tran Hung Dao, sparked the courage of his beleaguered army by having them tattoo on their arms the words "Sat Dat" (Let's kill the Mongols). Though outnumbered more than 2 to 1, the Vietnamese routed the Mongols and drove them out of Viet Nam.

Today, as another army from the north—the Communist Viet Cong—threatens South Viet Nam, the South Vietnamese government is hopeful that history can be made to repeat itself. Requisitioning two livestock marking machines from the U.S., the South Vietnamese will tattoo on the chests of their sailors the phrase "Sat Cong" (Let's kill the Communists).

But more than a slogan will be neces-



PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

Always guard against the Storm-Fool.

Monsanto: chemistry on the move to the future



New windows that shut out noise

Now—a new kind of safety glass that turns thin partitions and window walls into invisible sound barriers. Its inter-layer of Saflex® plastic... a discovery of Monsanto research... is specially "tuned" to help deaden the most common vocal and mechanical noises before they can pass through. Another example of how Monsanto research moves ahead on many fronts to serve you. Monsanto Chemical Company, St. Louis 66, Missouri.





Piggy Back delivers store-to-store and door-to-door. The fast delivery of countless products of agriculture and industry, to and from all fifty states, is an integral part of our national economy.

Union Pacific's network of rails and trailer freight service, combined with skilled personnel, provide unusually efficient, economical transportation...the automated rail way. If you ship or travel to or from the West, your best bet is Union Pacific.



In a Domeliner you see the West. Lounge and dining cars. No hurry. No worry. Superb food. Pullman and Coach. Family fares.

sary. Last week General Paul Harkins, commander of U.S. forces in Thailand and Viet Nam, returned from a swing through defense and training installations. "There has been a definite improvement," he said. "People won't come right out and say that we are winning. But they won't by any means say that we are losing."

Credits & Debits. U.S. military advisers still complain that poor communications and the highly centralized command setup of South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem retard quick response to Viet Cong attacks. But slowly, the tactics taught by the U.S. advisers—most notably the use of helicopters—have begun to show results. The Viet Cong is now suffering nearly twice as many casualties as the South Vietnamese and the amount of captured Viet Cong equipment is rising. Viet Cong defections are on the increase, and Viet Cong terror tactics against the Montagnards (mountain tribesmen), who have been indifferent to Diem's government, have caused thousands of them to pour down into government territory to volunteer for military training.

There is still no sign, however, that the Viet Cong has suffered any significant loss of its capability to strike when and where it likes. Viet Cong casualties are negated by the hundreds of new Communist infiltrators who stream across the border from "neutral" Laos into South Viet Nam every month. Intelligence officers suspect that the Viet Cong is moving in the new units for a big push during the rainy season, when the government's airlifting and air-striking power will be grounded. Already the reinforcements have emboldened the Viet Cong to strike prepared government positions for the first time in battalion strength. Last week nearly 500 Communists ambushed a government convoy, killed 23 Vietnamese and a U.S. Army captain; he was the seventh U.S. soldier killed in action since last December. To meet this Viet Cong buildup, two new government divisions are hastily being trained.

Jungle Action. Meanwhile, the bitter, dirty guerrilla struggle continues. Last week, after accompanying a combat patrol, TIME Correspondent Charles Mohr described a typical action of the ugly little war in the jungle:

The target area was a fertile quilt of rice fields and palm jungle near the market village of Tan Phu, only ten miles from Saigon. Communist Viet Cong guerrillas not only control the countryside, but can enter the town itself with impunity. They collect both rice and money taxes from the peasants and, in their hidden weapons caches, keep musical instruments and songbooks for use in the evening indoctrination sessions held for the local citizenry.

It was the first time that the troops of the three South Vietnamese Ranger companies assigned to clear out the area had been flown into action. Moving at treetop level, choppers from the U.S. Army's 57th Helicopter Co., which since last December has flown some 45,000 troops on 6,300 sorties, ferried the Rangers and six U.S. observers to the strike zone. There



U.S. ADVISER, VIETNAMESE RANGERS & VIET CONG PRISONERS. Seven centuries ago it was "Sat Dat"; now it is "Sat Cong."

CHARLES MOHR

was no cover but no enemy fire either as the Rangers jumped from the hovering helicopters into the knee-deep black mud of the paddy fields.

The troops fanned out in a long half-moon and moved toward the canals that bordered the palm jungle. AD-6 attack bombers circled the paddies and tried to flush the Viet Cong into the open with rockets and napalm jelly. Suddenly a spotter plane picked out a group of fleeing Viet Cong guerrillas and dropped a smoke grenade. Fire from rifles and automatic weapons killed five of the Viet Cong, but two dozen more escaped into the trees. During the ear-shattering, three-minute exchange of fire, a farmer at the edge of the trees placidly kept plowing his field.

Sweeping the area, the Rangers destroyed two Viet Cong mantraps—camouflaged pits filled with barbed steel spikes. One pit was designed as an inverted cone so that if a leg were thrust into the trap, it would be impossible to pull it up again through the downward-pointing spikes. Rangers warned the U.S. observers examining the pits to avoid the barbs, which are usually covered with human excrement, or stronger poisons if available.

Swimming Lesson. As the hunt for prisoners continued, the Rangers found two Viet Cong youths, 15 and 19, hiding in a canal. The elder carried a packet of Communist songbooks and a picture of North Viet Nam's Red Leader Ho Chi Minh. The Rangers were in no mood for a kid-glove interrogation of the prisoners; only last spring a Ranger camp had been sacked by the Viet Cong and a number of Ranger wives and children killed. The older boy was pinned to the ground and—as the Rangers call it—"taken for a swim." His jaw was forced open and five gallons of water from a rusty old can gradually poured into his mouth. The youth gagged and screamed, but refused to talk, even when prodded with a rifle butt. The water treatment was more

frightening than hurtful; at the end of the day, the still-silent boy was fully recovered and able to march three miles out of the area with his captors.

With the battle over for the moment, the troops rested. Several of the Rangers began to stalk the small sparrow-like birds that frequent Vietnamese canals; from time to time, one of the soldiers would lunge for a bird and fall into the water, to the uproarious laughter of his comrades. Souvenir-hunting Rangers moved among the wounded Viet Cong prisoners, pulling from their fingers their silver identification rings.

At last it was time to move out. One Ranger began to twang out a tune on a captured Viet Cong guitar, and a companion did a twistlike jig, holding onto the bipod of his automatic rifle like a boy dancing with a broomstick. The bag for the day had been seven Viet Cong killed, eight prisoners, 53 suspect villagers arrested, seven rifles, more than 100 rounds of ammunition—and one guitar.

BURMA

The Way to Socialism

Once they have attained wealth or fame, most alumni like to do something nice for their alma mater. Not so Burma's military strongman, General Ne Win, an alumnus of Rangoon University, who last week handed his old school a painful surprise. On his orders, an army demolition team marched on campus and blew up the two-story Student Union building, whose brick walls have echoed for 34 years with the student arguments of such leaders as Aung San, father of Burma's independence, ex-Premier U Nu, now under house arrest, and capable U Thant, Acting Secretary-General of the United Nations.

General Ne Win decided to dynamite the Student Union after two days of rioting in Rangoon. The riots were trig-



NE WIN & CHINESE BALLET TROUPE
A postgraduate bomb.

gered by a government order confining students to their dormitories every night after 8 o'clock. But student unrest has been growing all month as Ne Win urgently pushed his idea of a single party to encompass the entire nation. Of the three major political parties in Burma, only the pro-Peking Communist National United Front enthusiastically responded,⁹ obviously because it hopes to dominate the single party. The country's two democratic-socialist parties oppose the plan. So do Rangoon's students, some of whom are Communists or Communist-led; many others simply like to raise hell against authority.

As student rioters overturned and burned cars and fought pitched battles with the police, General Ne Win could reflect that similar demonstrations had signaled trouble for other strongmen: Syngman Rhee in South Korea, Adnan Menderes in Turkey. Ne Win gave his army a free hand, and the troops opened fire, killing 16 students and wounding 42. A government spokesman explained that it had been necessary to dynamite the Student Union because "it was a haven for underground leaders, plotting the overthrow of the government." and Ne Win, in a nationwide broadcast, broadly hinted that the student leaders were Communists.

Sand Pagodas. General Ne Win's attitude toward Communism is somewhat ambivalent. In 1958, after he took over the government from mystical Premier U Nu, the general cracked down on the Reds. Two years ago, he stepped aside when U Nu overwhelmingly won a general election, but the Buddhist Premier ran the country so inefficiently and eccentrically (once he issued detailed orders for constructing 60,000 pagodas of sand in a single day) that Ne Win bounced

back to power in a *coup d'état* last March. He dissolved the Parliament and Supreme Court, and rules through a 17-man Revolutionary Council composed of military officers.

His plan to raise the low per capita income of Burmese, estimated at \$55 a year, is embodied in a document called *The Burmese Way to Socialism*, which denounces the "profit motive, easy living, parasitism, shirking and selfishness," but is so cloudily written that it has been interpreted both as a plea for U.S.-style capitalism and for Russian Marxism.

Despite Ne Win's crackdown on domestic Communists, Burma has consistently wooed Red China and the Soviet Union. In January, Burma and Red China settled their boundary disputes and signed a trade agreement that has backfired: Peking buys Burmese rice for \$92 a ton and then sells it for \$103 a ton to Burma's own customers, Indonesia and Ceylon. Grumbled a Burmese lawyer: "The only gifts China has given Burma are a tiger and two swans for the zoo." Moscow help has been scarcely more impressive. Six years ago, the Russians started to build a hotel on Inya Lake near Rangoon; still unfinished, it may open for business next October, after more than a million dollars' worth of necessary alterations (the Russian roof leaked, Hungarian elevators failed to work).

Departing Aid. Despite such failures of aid from the Communists, Ne Win ordered two U.S. aid groups out of the country. The Ford Foundation, which has contributed \$1,000,000 annually to Burma, will withdraw its 14-man educational staff this week. The Asia Foundation, after building a \$155,000 recreational center at Rangoon University, handed over the keys to the new building before leaving. Unaffected by the expulsion order: eight Soviet Russian teachers at the Burma Institute of Technology, built by Moscow.

General Ne Win then consolidated his position by closing down all of Burma's

colleges "indefinitely" and setting up special crimes courts empowered to pass death sentences for any acts that threaten 1) public safety, 2) the economy, and 3) national culture. At week's end, apparently confident that Burma was both cowed and quiet, General Ne Win took off for Vienna, supposedly for medical treatment of his painful sinus troubles.

REFUGEES

Where Is the Simple Life?

The hardy people of Tristan da Cunha discovered last week that there is a force more powerful than Atlantic gales and flaming volcanoes—bureaucracy.

All 260 Tristan islanders were hustled off their tiny island in the South Atlantic last October when a long-dormant volcano poured a river of molten rock toward their thatch-roofed houses. In traveling 6,500 miles to safety in England, they moved nearly a hundred years forward in time. At home, they had lived on a fish-and-potato diet, carded and spun wool by the light of oil lamps, ridden in bullock carts. In their new cottages near the British port of Southampton, they encountered for the first time the 20th century wonders of electric light, store clothes, supermarkets, frozen foods and traffic jams.

For most Tristan islanders, it seems a bad exchange.* Looking at his first TV show, an old man said, "I don't think much of it; the people are too small." After making a down payment on a transistor radio, another Tristan islander was baffled by the bill for the next installment, asked, "How often does a man have to pay for the same thing in h'England?" On Tristan da Cunha, the only wage-earning job was in the local crayfish cannery, where everyone got the same pay. In England, the visitors could not comprehend the idea of different pay rates for different jobs. Argued one: "H'it h'ain't fair. They's not payin' me for no job. They's payin' me for one man's time. My time's wuth as much to me as h'anybody h'else's!"

Mostly, they were homesick for their windswept island and wanted again to feel pride in eating what they grew, wearing what they made, and living out a life that was hard but simple and eminently suited to their spare tastes. Willie Repetto, the 60-year-old leader of the islanders, claims, on the basis of a Royal Society expedition, that the lava flow has actually improved the island by creating a breakwater, and last week he appealed to the British Colonial Office, asking for help in returning to Tristan da Cunha.

Impossible, replied the Colonial Office, at least for the time being. Said Repetto: "If the island is left uninhabited too long, it will be overrun by rats, and the calves we left behind will turn into wild beasts."

* All Tristan islanders, who have only seven family names, are descended from a handful of British, U.S., Dutch and Italian adventurers, mostly shipwrecked sailors. In 1827, wives were found for the island's bachelors by importing five colored women from equally tiny St. Helena, 1,600 miles away.

* Burmese Communists come in many varieties. Notable among the splinter and guerrilla groups are the White Flag (Stalinist) and Red Flag (Trotskyist) groups, who oppose Ne Win's one-party plan.



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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Three in Trouble

At a press conference not long ago, U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk was asked to comment on the crisis afflicting "our southern neighbors."

"To which crisis," asked Rusk with a weary smile, "are you referring?" It was a good question. Right now three of Latin America's biggest nations, comprising 58% of its land mass and containing more than half of its people, are without effective governments.

Brazil, a country almost as big as the U.S. (3,287,842 sq. mi.) and with a population expected to reach 200 million by 2000, has been spinning drift for eleven months, ever since President Jânio Quadros quit. Now, in place of a strong presidency, it has a two-headed parliamentary system that isn't working. Bloody riots in the streets, and the possibility of worse ones, last week brought bickering politicians into a semblance of truce.

Peru, the seat of the ancient Inca Empire, a predominantly Indian nation of 10½ million ruled by descendants of the Spanish conquistadors, was split by a bitterly fought presidential election in which none of the three candidates got more than a third of the vote. Amid cries of electoral fraud and threats of a military takeover, the three proud candidates have been jockeying for five weeks, and no one has given way.

Argentina, a land of spreading pampas, beef and grain, whose 20 million people are more than 90% European-descended, has been ruled by a puppet President and a military dictatorship for 3½ months. The treasury is about bankrupt, the peso has fallen from \$3 to a dollar to as low as 137, the cost of living has risen 42.7% since April, and one of the most powerful of the Peronista unions last week threatened to take over the factories themselves unless they were paid long-overdue wages. Economics Minister Alvaro Alsogaray is flying to the U.S. to ask for an immediate cash loan of \$250 million.

BRAZIL

Truce at Last

After three weeks without a government, Brazil's fractious politicians finally got together on a Prime Minister and a Cabinet to join President João ("Jango") Goulart at the helm of Latin America's biggest nation. They did so not because they had resolved their difficulties or agreed on the best man, but because they realized that Brazil had just about reached the edge of safety, and could not stand a further prolongation of the bitter, partisan bickering. The new government that took office in the outback capital of Brasília represented an expedient truce between warring factions.

Goulart's conservative opposition had already rejected his first choice for a Prime Minister, and Goulart himself had



PREMIER BROCHADO DA ROCHA
On the edge of safety.

fallen out with his second. His third choice was hardly reassuring. Francisco de Paula Brochado da Rocha, 51, comes from Goulart's home state of Rio Grande do Sul and is an aide and confidant to Leonel Brizola, the state's rabble-rousing, far-left governor. Brochado da Rocha himself was a key man in the expropriation last February of Rio Grande's \$7,000,000 U.S.-owned International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. subsidiary. Still, sensing the public unrest, the conservatives were willing to take Brochado da Rocha and did not object even when he called for a plebiscite to return Brazil to a strong presidential system.

By a vote of 215 to 58, Congress swiftly approved his nomination. But when it came to agreeing on a Cabinet, more squabbles broke out. For four days the argument continued. It was ended only



CANDIDATE BELÁUNDE
On the way to danger.

by word that Brochado da Rocha was threatening to resign and by far-left threats of a nationwide general strike if labor's choices were not approved.

At last Brochado da Rocha found 13 "nonpolitical" ministers acceptable to everyone. The two strongest members of a lackluster Cabinet: Foreign Minister Afonso Arinos, who held the same post under Jânio Quadros, and Walther Moreira Salles, Brazil's leading banker, who holds over as Finance Minister.

President Kennedy, who was scheduled to visit Brazil at the end of the month, with Wife Jackie, found diplomatic reasons to postpone his trip until November. Perhaps by then, if the plebiscite comes off, Brazil will be back to a workable presidential system, and more at peace.

PERU

Public Nuisance

Five restless weeks have passed since election day in Peru. Since no presidential candidate won the constitutionally required 53.33% of the vote, the three leading candidates have been sparring for office ever since. With so much at stake and the country divided by past feuds and violence, the wonder is that Peru has remained so peaceful. Last week one of three candidates gave way under the pressure and made a reckless bid for power.

Fernando Belaúnde has been crying fraud ever since he finished 14,000 votes behind the controversial Haya de la Torre. Knowing that powerful army leaders fear Haya from his earlier days as a flaming leftist, he counted on the army to rally behind him. He journeyed from the capital of Lima to the mountain city of Arequipa, and after instructing a crowd of 6,000 supporters to raise barricades around his campaign headquarters he demanded the appointment of a "tribunal of honor" to revise the election results—otherwise he would fight. "In case the government does not comply," he cried, "we will be compelled to overthrow it and punish it for its misdeeds."

But the army did not rally to his side. Outgoing President Manuel Prado had taken precautions against a coup, spending most of one night at the palace gathering assurances of loyalty from army officers. Lima's Juan Cardinal Landázuri Ricketts also issued an appeal to all leaders to respect "justice, truth and the legal order of the nation." The anti-Haya army generals still blustered, but when the respected National Elections Court rejected the charges of fraud against Haya's supporters, the generals assured the Elections Court: "We acknowledge the power that the constitution and the elections statute confer upon the high and autonomous institution over which you preside."

Obviously no one except Belaúnde had much stomach for a test of arms. Last week, backers of Haya got together with the camp of the third presidential candidate, ex-Dictator Manuel Odría, and



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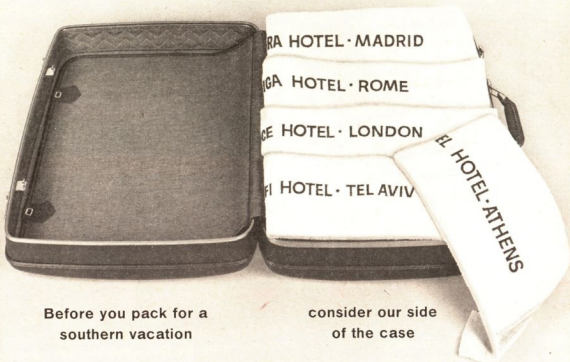
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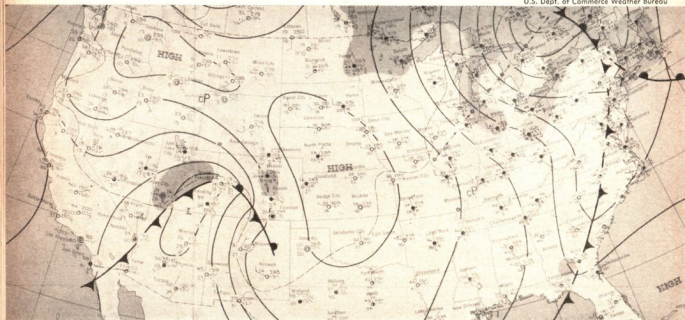
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reached an "agreement in principle" to form a national union government. Together they would have a majority in Congress when it convenes next week to settle the split election. Rumors buzzed that Haya might agree to step aside in favor of Odría as President, but that Haya's APRA Party would have the major say in the Cabinet. A coalition government headed by two such diverse men as Haya, the fiery old revolutionary, and Odría, the conservative old strongman, would be a strange solution indeed. But it seemed to give more promise of stability for Peru than did Belaúnde's barricaded mob in Arequipa, drinking *pisco* and making bonfires at night to keep warm. One city official in Arequipa thought that Belaúnde's mob "looks more like a public nuisance than a revolution."

CANADA

The Question of Consent

The Swiss-born jurist, Jean Louis DeLorme, once declared that a British legislature "can do everything except make a woman into a man or a man into a woman." Last week, as angry doctors in the western Canadian province of Saskatchewan went into the second week of their strike against a new, compulsory state medical insurance plan, Premier Woodrow Lloyd's socialist government stoutly refused to give way on its plan. But the emerging question was whether—as happened with Prohibition—any legislation can be effective without the consent of the people it most closely concerns.

When the original socialized medicine proposals were drawn up by a twelve-man committee (including three doctors from the Saskatchewan College of Physicians and Surgeons), then Premier Tommy Douglas promised that the program would have to be "acceptable both to those providing the service and those receiving it." Instead, after he ran for re-election in June 1960, Douglas got a favorable interim report from the committee majority, and blithely ignored the three doctor members who opposed it. This past history is one reason why Saskatchewan doctors are now leary of the government's promise to take the doctors' objections into account in drafting new legislation, if only the doctors will end their strike first.

On the sweeping lawns of the Capitol in Regina, 5,000 demonstrators mobilized by a Keep Our Doctors committee gathered to urge Premier Lloyd to withdraw his plan, and to sit down with doctors to negotiate a new one. For the moment, no one in the province lacked emergency care. Of Saskatchewan's normal strength of 900 doctors, 336 were still on duty, including 189 who are manning free emergency clinics set up by the Saskatchewan College of Physicians and Surgeons. Dr. Arthur Kelly, general secretary of the Canadian Medical Association, warned that the impasse might continue "for a considerable time—possibly several months." If so, many doctors might make good their threat to move to the U.S. So far, 40 already have.



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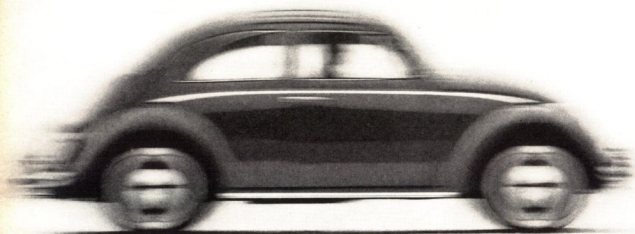
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PEOPLE

Among 80,000 Thais who streamed into a Bangkok park to see John Glenn's *Friendship 7* space capsule, going round the world this time at eye level, was Thailand's **Crown Prince Vajiralongkorn** (means "Possessor of the Thunderbolt"), 10. The short-pants prince's first question: "Can I get it?"

"The Supreme Court has just deconsecrated the nation," declared California's Episcopal Bishop **James A. Pike**, 49, adding that the court's decision against a New York State law requiring a daily prayer in public schools was tantamount to setting up a secular state religion—of "time and history, but not eternity." Moreover, it perverted the spirit and intent of the Constitution's First Amendment, and nothing short of another Amendment would right the wrong.

A man who has launched myriad ships, Greek Shipowner **Stavros Niarchos** knew precisely what he wanted for the 55-mile watery commute from his island villa to his port city office in Piraeus. From British shipyards came the world's fastest 102-ft. yacht, capable of 54 knots at top speed. But *Mercury* gobbled gas at the rate of 115 gallons an hour, the radar went snafu, and two of the three 3,500-h.p. gas turbine engines had to be replaced. "Teething troubles," said the British builder. Feeling the bite himself, the thrifty Greek docked his hot yacht and looked for a buyer.

Looking like a seal and feeling mighty seasick, U.S. Frogman **Fred Baldasare**, 38, lumbered from the Dover surf into the arms of his frisky German fiancée with a new record of sorts: he was the first man to swim the English Channel underwater. For 18 hr. 1 min. the former

U.S. Army film director submarined along 15 feet beneath the surface, accompanied by a launch and encased in a steel cage that kept the aqualunged swimmer from drifting off course. Said the feisty Floridian, who prepped for his 22-mile swim by traversing the Straits of Messina's Scylla and Charybdis: "I've given up two years of my life. I'm broke."

A onetime bunny in the buff for *Playboy*, Hollywood Starlet **Jill St. John**, 21, tried terribly hard to keep up with her auto-racing husband, **Five & Dime** Heir **Lance Reventlow**, 26, only issue of Barbara Hutton's six marriages. Lance's bride even rode a motorcycle to get the feel of a wheel, but when it hit 25 m.p.h., Jill came tumbling after. Finally their



JILL ST. JOHN
Out of the running.

two-year marriage went all aflicker and Jill sued for separate maintenance, demanding all of their communal property. Definitely not for her: the 1961 Porsche, Mercedes 300SL, 1936 Rolls-Royce, sleek Scarab racer and Cadillac hearse (for totting around skis and surfboards) that Lance quarters in the garage back of their \$250,000 Beverly Hills, Calif. honeymoon cottage.

To the rumbling of a 41-gun salute and glowering dark clouds in the London skies, Liberia's President **William V. S. Tubman**, 66, was greeted by Queen Elizabeth II—marking 114 years of Anglo-Liberian friendship. As they boarded an open landau for the 40-minute trot to Buckingham Palace along with squads of Household Cavalry, the rains came. The Queen balanced a royal bumbershoot, but President Tubman had only his black topper to ward off the downpour as he waved to the smattering of onlookers along their route. At the pal-



THE QUEEN & TUBMAN
In the Bath.

ace, the Queen gave a very wet Tubman a well-earned honor—the Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

Dousing her star for any future comeback in films, **Princess Grace**, 32, told *Jours de France* and *France-Soir*, "I would like to act, but it is not possible." Her Serene Highness explained that she bowed out of her role in Alfred Hitchcock's projected *Marnie* because it all seemed too common to her 20,000 Monegasque subjects. "The return to acting did not set well with the public," said Grace. "They thought it was not in keeping with my place as a princess." Did the Vatican have any say? And did the souring relations between Paris and the principality over taxation play a part in her decision to stay at home? "Yes," she assented, "it certainly was a bad moment, but as far as that goes, I think it will never be good."

With deep regret, NASA Project Mercury Boss Robert Gilruth announced that he was clipping the wings of one of his astronauts. Because of an "erratic heartbeat," Air Force Captain **Donald ("Deke") Slayton**, 38, was no longer eligible for a solo ride into space. The doughy Deke will be reassigned to "operational and planning" duties on the ground, though he might take a ride on a rocket as second or third man in future Gemini and Apollo shots.

Confirmed as the new U.S. Ambassador to Ireland was Millionaire Contractor **Matthew H. McCloskey**, 69, a twinkly old brogan from Philadelphia who, as longtime Democratic National Committee treasurer, demonstrated his fund-raising legerdemain by staging the first \$100-a-plate dinner in 1934. His potluck for politics held good when the Senate rejected a Republican attempt, 62-30, to return the nomination over some alleged finagling in the 1946 purchase of a Government-



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JULY 1962

surplus shipyard by Entrepreneur Louis Wolfson. But a regular Irish stew may await McCloskey on the Ould Sod. Demonstrating his Gaelic at a Washington dinner, he bellowed: "Fag a bealach!" Rude-ly reverberating in Tara's halls, it loosely means "Get out of my way!"

A scant hour after winging into Washington from South Dakota, Lawyer **Joseph H. Bottum**, 58, was sworn in on the Senate floor, replacing the late Republican Senator Francis Case. The diligent Dakotan helped found his state's first Young Republicans' chapter in 1934 and got Governor Archie Gubbrud's endorsement after rising to the lieutenant-governorship in 1960. No sooner was he in his seat than Bottum cast his first vote against a Democratic amendment to the NASA appropriations bill. Chuckled South Dakota's Senior Senator Karl Mundt: "It was a good start for a Republican."

Full of beans atop a San Francisco podium, Boston Pops Conductor **Arthur Fiedler**, 67, unwound a 96-piece orchestra in his own three-minute baroque version of *The Twist*. The white-maned maestro played the score "tempo à la Chubby Checker" after listening to one of the tubby twister's records and checking it with a metronome. Afterward, at a local nightclub to gyre and gimbal a bit himself, Fiedler adjudged the dance craze: "It's authentic primitive Americana, not from Siberia or Laos. I don't think it's physically unattractive either."

While her daddy is a summer bachelor next month, 4½-year-old **Caroline Kennedy** will join the jet set, gosling league, by making her first trip abroad. Accompanied by her mother and a brace of Secret Service agents, the President's pixyish daughter will fly via commercial jetliner to Italy for a two-week vacation with her aunt, Princess Lee Radziwill, in a Neapolitan duke's lofty villa on the cliffs of ancient Ravello.

A panoply of pikemen stood stiff at attention in the Mansion House, seat of London's square-mile ancient center, as 360 dignitaries gathered for the opening of the first City of London festival. Diamond tiaras twinkled in the well-established audience on hand to see an "entertainment" on the City's history by Poet John Betjeman, assisted by Sir John Gielgud and 74-year-old Comedian Randolph Sutton. Toward the end, Sutton broke out in an old, faintly scabrous music-hall ditty, and invited the audience to sing along. High sheriffs shuffled, bankers balked, field marshals fidgeted. Then a strong, clear voice rose from the austere assemblage. And as **Queen Elizabeth** was heard, all joined in:

*On Mother Kelly's doorstep, down
paradise row
I sit along of Nelly, she sits along of
Joe.*

*She's got a little hole in her frock,
A hole in her shoe, a hole in her sock,
Where her toe peeps through.*

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SCIENCE

Telstar's Triumph

The rocket itself was a familiar bird; duplicates had blasted into space many times before. But the payload that the reliable Delta tossed into orbit last week was an astonishing piece of equipment. Built by private industry, fired aloft by the U.S. Government, the Bell Telephone Laboratories' little Telstar satellite (3-ft. diameter) opened a bright new era of long-distance communication. Very-high-frequency radio and TV stations, which are limited to line-of-sight range, suddenly saw their future reach out beyond the horizon, around the curve of the earth.

From the Sky. Although it was only 15 hours in orbit before it relayed a phone call between A. T. & T. Board Chairman Frederick R. Kappel in Maine and Vice President Lyndon Johnson in Washington,

tacular achievement is its radio and TV relay system. A receiver inside the canister amplifies signals received from earth 10 billion times, changes them in frequency from 6,300 to 4,170 megacycles, and sends them back through a transmitter that puts out 2½ watts.

To make such low power practical, Telstar's puny little transmitter has a hefty ally on the ground. In the mountain-ringed village of Andover, Me., inside a 210-ft. sphere of inflated silvery fabric, stands a great, hornlike antenna. This mammoth electronic ear rotates, twists at odd angles, and can point toward any part of the sky. However it turns, two fair-size houses filled with electronics turn with it, and the thin, frail voice of Telstar is plucked from the sky. Fed into a maser cooled with liquid helium and sent through other intricate equipment,

lief that its telemetering system was working precisely as planned, reporting no trouble at all. But during its first five 158-min. orbits, Telstar did not come within practical line-of-sight distance of the big ear in Maine. The sixth orbit was the payoff. It was 7 p.m. in Maine when the satellite raced toward the U.S. Calculations showed that it would pass close enough to Maine to hear a command.

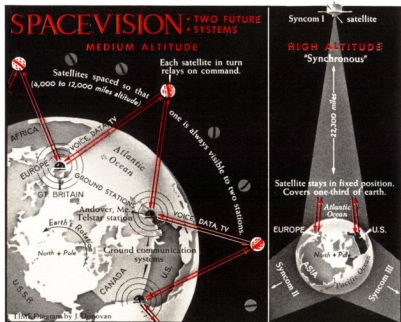
Dr. Eugene Frank O'Neill, director of Bell's satellite-communications laboratory, reported each move over a loudspeaker. "We haven't got it yet," he said. "It will be soon. A very few minutes." Then came a pause. Said O'Neill: "We've acquired the satellite. This is probably my final report before transmission is attempted."

Now the voice of Walter L. Brown, a Bell Lab physicist, came over the loudspeaker. "The first two commands, 'A' and 'B,' will come in the next minute. They are orders to the satellite to start transmission." After another pause, Brown said deliberately: "'A' command sent, 'A' command O.K., 'B' command sent, 'B' command O.K. We're beginning to track it. The large horn has it. Signals are entering the horn. It's O.K."

The remote-control switching system was working properly; Telstar had turned on its relay apparatus and was ready for business. All eyes in the room watched as a vague light flickered on a TV screen. Then, with remarkable clarity, they saw the American flag waving briskly in front of a view of the big ear's fabric sphere. This picture, which also went to viewers across the U.S., had originated in a TV camera just outside the control room. It had jumped to Telstar, then it had come back to earth, amplified 10 billion times.

High Relay. Last week was the first time that a satisfactory TV picture ever crossed an ocean. TV signals contain so much information that they cannot be carried by submarine cables or by radio waves that carom around the globe bouncing back and forth under the ionized layers of the upper atmosphere. They must travel on microwaves, which follow paths as straight as beams of light; getting them past the curve of the earth requires a relay station high enough so that it shows above the horizon from both shores. Telstar served this purpose for a historic few minutes last week while it was sweeping across the Atlantic to Europe.

A dependable, 24-hour communications system covering the inhabited parts of the earth would require many more satellites; some signals would pass through two or more relays before reaching their destinations. The higher the satellites circle, the fewer of them would be needed. If a communications satellite were placed 22,300 miles above the earth, it would take exactly one day to complete each orbit. Thus it would keep pace with the earth's rotation and stay above the same spot on the map. Advocates of such "synchronous" communications satellites point out that three of them would be enough to cover most of the earth.



and although it has already bounced TV programs between the U.S. and Europe, Telstar is only an experimental communications satellite. A large part of its equipment is devoted to studying radiation, micrometeorites, and other potentially troublesome features of space. It was placed deliberately on an elliptical orbit (apogee 3,502 miles, perigee 593 miles) so that it could report from many different altitudes.

The wide variety of jobs requires a wide variety of electronics. The surface of the 170-lb. sphere glitters with electricity-generating solar cells. Suspended by nylon cords inside, a 20-in. aluminum canister is crammed with gadgetry. Pink plastic foam nestles around batteries, switches, sensing instruments, 1,064 transistors and 1,464 diodes. But for all the jobs that it can do, Telstar's most spec-

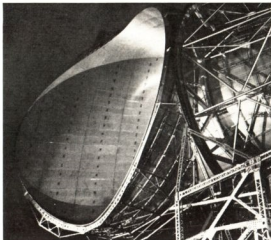
that voice is beefed up and transformed into TV programs or hundreds of voice signals.

The ground-based horn and its complicated collection of equipment has unlimited electricity available, but Telstar's operating power comes from its solar cells, which generate only 1½ watts—not enough to keep all its apparatus operating all the time. As a result, the satellite's command-obeying system, which throws electronic switches in response to coded signals from the earth, is one of its most important features. When circuits are not needed, they can be turned off to conserve power and to give the solar cells a chance to recharge Telstar's storage battery.

Sixth Payoff. Soon after Telstar was launched, NASA's global tracking network reported it on a perfect orbit. At Andover, anxious scientists heard with re-



BELL'S O'NEILL



THE BIG EAR

The future reached beyond the curve of the earth.

Bell Telephone, creator of Telstar, favors lower orbits and more of them. Existing rockets, say Bell's men, can lift communications satellites a few thousand miles above the earth, where existing ground apparatus can communicate with them dependably. Telstar, they argue, proved their point last week. But final decision on the kind of satellite to be used will depend on U.S. Government policy and also on foreign governments, which will surely demand voices in any worldwide system of communication. No matter which system is adopted, though, its satellites will be descendants of Bell's granddaddy Telstar.

Better Bomb Detection

The bitter and continuing argument about the possibility of detecting clandestine bomb tests took a turn last week in favor of the optimists—those scientists who believe a detection network to be feasible. The U.S. Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency issued a four-page booklet stating that "there may be substantially fewer earthquakes that produce signals equivalent to an underground nuclear explosion of given yield than had been expected." All by itself, that brief statement represented quite a switch; the Defense Department has usually favored the attitude that secret Russian underground tests could not be distinguished from natural earthquakes except by dozens of seismic stations spaced a few hundred miles apart on Communist territory.

The change of attitude seems to have been brought about by recent improvements in seismic instruments and methods of using them. One new method is to lower instruments as much as 10,000 ft. into abandoned oil wells. At this depth they are sheltered from surface noise and are five to ten times more sensitive to earth waves from bomb tests or earthquakes. Another promising system is to spread out many instruments in cross-shaped array on the surface of the earth. When their readings are compared to eliminate the

effects of noise, traces of earth waves become much clearer.

The detailed results of official U.S. and British experiments with new seismic instruments have not yet been made public, but nonofficial seismologists state emphatically that earthquakes and bomb tests are quite different, that they send distinctly different wave patterns through the earth. Another important difference is that most earthquakes are caused by rock movements many miles below the surface. This vertical distance can be measured accurately; if it is too great, the waves almost surely will not have come from a test. It is not likely, say the seismologists dryly, that even the most industrious Communists will explode secret tests far down in the hot, semi-plastic depths of the earth.

Both U.S. and British statements about the new seismology were presumably timed to precede this week's renewal of disarmament discussions at Geneva. They may well mean that the West is prepared to consider a new test moratorium, confident that it can detect secret Soviet tests, perhaps without any instruments at all on Soviet territory.

Lunar Lore

In the fast-changing vernacular of the space age LOR (Lunar Orbital Rendezvous) has suddenly become one of the big words in U.S. space doctrine. Last week the National Aeronautics and Space Administration announced that the first U.S. astronauts will attempt a LOR trip, i.e., land on the lunar surface by piloting a small "bug" down from a mother ship parked on an orbit around the moon (TIME, June 22). After a spot of exploring, they will take off again in the bug and rejoin the mother ship for the return trip to earth. NASA now thinks that this bizarre-sounding system will prove the easiest, quickest and cheapest way to get the job done. But cautious NASA scientists will continue to study EOR (Earth Orbital Rendezvous), in which a moon-bound spaceship will first refuel from a tanker circling in orbit around the earth.

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SHOW BUSINESS

FESTIVALS

Milk Run

Cissy Goforth is 60 years old but she dresses like a teen-ager in tight, white Capri pants and high heels. She lives in a stupendous villa on the Italian coast. Like the Wife of Bath, she has had a spray of husbands and she boasts that she keeps her splendid body in shape through "plenty of exercise—in bed."

Cissy, who may become one of the theater's great all-time bitches, is the heroine of Tennessee Williams' newest play, *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More*, which opened last week at the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto. Feeling the approach of death, Cissy, played by Britain's Hermione Baddeley, is hurriedly assembling her coarse, maudlin, bawdy memoirs, and confiding them to a tape recorder. She yearns for a young and therapeutic companion. "There is nothing more stimulating than a lover to every nerve and gland and cell in the body," she says.

When one comes along he is a beautiful fellow who has worked as a male prostitute but feels "used up." Cissy purrs, snarls, wheedles, begs, and eventually strips to induce him. "Don't you think I've got a beautiful body?" she says. It reminds him of a stone statue in a fountain in St. Louis.

The boy will not bring her to life. Instead, there is another kind of climax. He tells her that he has come to bring God to her in her final days.

On opening night, Tennessee Williams sat in a box above the Spoleto stage, sipping scotch, now and again crying out gleefully, relishing the repugnance of his new creations. Lest anyone misunderstand them, he contributed a program note: "If the play achieves even partially its artistic intention, you will find it possible to pity this female clown even while her absurd pretensions and her panicky last effort to hide from her final destruction make you laugh at her."

The conversion of Cissy Goforth is a bizarre jape, an eccentric and perhaps sophomoric joke. In the fall (if all goes as planned), Broadway audiences will be able to see for themselves whether they find it possible to pity, or to laugh.

RADIO

Everybody's First Cousin

Five seconds to air time. "Untie your shoes and loosen your girdles," says the portly announcer, drawing a laugh. Then Don McNeill steps out on the stage and shoves the announcer into the lap of a giggling matron in the front row. In the burst of laughter, the band strikes up, and everybody in the Fountain Room at Chicago's Sherman House Hotel rousing sings: "Good morning, breakfast clubbers, Good morning to ya . . ."

Thus, every day of the working week,

begins Don McNeill's radio *Breakfast Club*, the longest running series in the history of broadcasting. This summer it begins its 30th straight year on the air.

Jug of Corn. Mixing orchestra music, songs, plain talk, sentiment, shenanigans, commercials, and poems that would have embarrassed Edgar Guest, *Breakfast Club* is the salt of the air. The visiting audience is full of people who listen to McNeill every day without fail, and they feel no restraint about participating. One woman walked up to him during a show recently and hefted a likker pot toward him, drawl-



DON McNEILL & BREAKFAST CLUBBERS
The salt of the air.

ing: "Ah brought you a small jug of corn from Alabama."

"We got our own corn on this show," said Don.

That's a real fact. "Courtship makes a man spoon," Don will inform his listeners, "but marriage is what makes him fork over." McNeill himself has no monopoly on the maize. Comedian Sam Cowling (a 23-year man on the show) is the author of a regular feature called "Fact and Fiction From Sam's Almanac." Says wise old Sam: "The distance from the head of a fox to its tail is a fur piece."

Embryonic Celebrities. The show is perhaps of limited appeal to the average Vassar graduate who worked at *The New Yorker* for three years before marrying an advertising account-executive and settling in Greenwich, Conn. But there are other kinds of people in the U.S., and they have made Don McNeill the most enduringly successful broadcasting talent in the country. "Our theme is to make a neighborhood of a nation," he says. He is the archenemy of smut. His show is clean, decent, plain, straightforward, decorous, honest, and full of gimmicks like the

daily snake march around the breakfast table. And even if McNeill says good-morning and reports, "It's a foggy, soggy morning in Chicago," fans all over the U.S. nonetheless detect a shaft of sunshine in his voice.

Don McNeill was born in Galena, Ill., and raised in Sheboygan, Wis., where his father ran a small chair factory. He went to Marquette University and helped pay his expenses by working at a Milwaukee radio station. Four years of miscellaneous radio jobs after graduation finally led to Chicago and the first *Breakfast Club* show on the old Blue Network (now ABC) in the summer of 1933.

Over the years, the program has had dozens of embryonic celebrities in its cast: young Fibber McGee and Molly, Patti Page, Johnny Desmond, Fran Allison, etc. And people have kept up with McNeill's own family as if he were everybody's first cousin. He has three sons, and each birth was big spot-news on the show.

When he started the *Breakfast Club*, he recalls, "I took over the dearest radio time just to fill it." Now the early morning hours have become the prime time of radio, and Don McNeill is cruising along on some \$100,000 a year.

FAIRS

Adults Only

Think about it—a dirty puppet show. An evil puppet chains a lissome nude to a pillar and tickles her to death with a long pink feather. A vast bat helps tear the clothes off an undulating stripper, then flies away with her. A hawdy Balinese girl is seduced in a swimming pool. Bare-breasted beauties hang in bird cages over the audience, or parade around the stage, heaving, wiggling, sighing, shaking, and saucing the house.

The show, called *Poupées de Paris*, is modeled after the revues at Paris' Lido and Folies Bergère, and it is the smash hit of the Seattle World's Fair. Costing \$200,000 to produce, it is a spectacle bathed in dancing waters, fireworks and rain. The puppets—131 rubber and plastic females, seven wooden males—are about three feet high, and no expense has been spared in fitting them out; some of the miniature gowns cost as much as \$2,000 apiece and were designed by Balmain. Star puppets resembling such people as Mae West, Charles Boyer, and Liberace speak with the recorded voices of the stars themselves.

Poupées de Paris was started by a couple of vaudeville puppeteers named Sid and Marty Krofft, whose family experience in the craft goes back five generations in Greece. They mounted their first nude puppet show for \$40,000 in an out of the way nitery in the San Fernando Valley last year. The place had only 90 seats, but in the *Poupées'* six-month run they drew more than 50,000 people and grossed \$112,000. Another production is now in its ninth week in Hollywood, and the Kroffts plan to open still another in Manhattan next fall.



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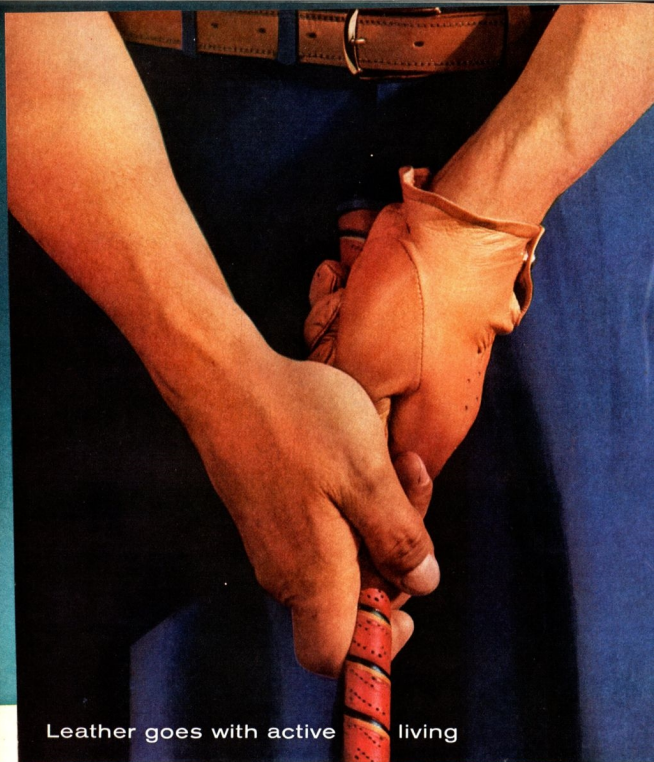
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MODERN LIVING



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Pert, chic, saucy; two-buttoned, stripe-tied; and IN.

SOCIETY

Open End (See Cover)

The young girls' faces were pert, their clothes chic, their hair saucily teased. The boys were two-buttoned, stripe-tied, and fit. Their names on the Pan Am flight list could be taken from any U.S. school or college roster—Paine, Prentice, Chrysler, Cushing, Welch. Their fathers were businessmen, and about half could be found in the *Social Register*. Where were they going? To a coming out party at Britain's ancient Blenheim Palace for an American friend, Serena Russell, who also happens to be the granddaughter of the tenth Duke of Marlborough.

The vast old palace, where Winston Churchill was born, was floodlit for the occasion, and along the terraces, braziers glowed to light up the path of strolling couples or warm them when the night turned chill. Some 1,100 guests ate in the grand saloon and danced the twist in the long library. Henry Ford's daughters, Charlotte and Anne, were there, as was Richard Pershing, grandson of the rigid old soldier.

Serena is the daughter of Edwin F. Russell, 48, a newspaper executive from Elizabeth, N.J., who met Lady Sarah Consuelo Spencer-Churchill, during the war, when he was in the U.S. Navy and she was working as a lathe assistant. Since then, Russell has moved up in the publishing empire run by the son of a Russian immigrant, Sam Newhouse, who recently made him publisher of *Vogue*.

The Blenheim party also celebrated the coming of age of Serena's uncle, Lord Charles George William Colin Spencer-Churchill, who is also studying in the U.S. Thus Serena and her school friends from Foxcroft, and Lord Charles' college friends rubbed shoulders with most of *Debut*, led by Princess Margaret and her husband Lord Snowdon (who was recently

just a photographer), the Marquess of Blandford (heir to the dukedom) and his Greek wife Tina (who was recently Mrs. Aristotle Onassis), and Princess d'Arenberg (who was recently Peggy Bancroft of New York).

The Bastions. U.S. papers gave the party a big play. It was the week's demonstration that Society is, as always, news and that today it is a New Society.

It is an open-end one, energetic, and international-minded. Its members jet to Gstaad for the skiing, Venice for the film festival, Paris for the spring collections. The Old Guard still occupies its citadels in the big cities and small resorts. It still takes "old" money and some kind of bloodlines to make Boston's Somerset Club, the Philadelphia Club or the St. Louis Country Club. But around such bastions flows a different and more stimulating social stream of people with more education and more to talk about, who want their friends to be intelligent, active and amusing (one of their favorite words).

Slurs & Accolades. It is a Society to which the Kennedys have given consider-

able impetus, although it was in the making well before Jack went to the White House. Rockbound in their huge old houses behind the iron gates, the Old Guard seldom went anywhere, never saw anybody but one another, and hardly ever worked except as trust officers for the family estate. In the New Society, the term self-made man is not a slur but an accolade, and the New Society is willing to accept anyone with the requisite qualifications.

For the men, this necessarily means a reasonable amount of money, but in this context money also connotes ability—if the man concerned had not made it himself, he would already be an In. A second requirement is a decent respect for manners and taste, of which the Old Guard remain the tacit custodians.

For the women it means beauty, and not too cool; if not beauty, wealth; if not wealth, intelligence; if not intelligence, a sure sense of fashion; if not fashion, good works in the form of executive ability in charitable and educational projects. As one hostess summarized it: "You can be either very rich, very aristocratic, very talented, or very famous." To this, the Kennedys, with their glittering evenings for Nobel laureates and French cultural arbiters, have added another significant category—"powerful."

Blueblood & Showbiz. It is the nature of this New Society that it should have no single queen. But a handful of women stand out, by virtue of their wealth, beauty and energy. They are not arbiters—they are pacesetters, and probably the best-known of them is Mrs. Winston Frederick Guest.



MRS. GUEST WITH PRINCE PHILIP
If she isn't there it doesn't exist.

◊ Left to right: Carolyn Welch, New Haven, Conn.; Augustus Paine, New York City; Stephen Salant, Locust Valley, L.I.; Suzanne Snowden, New York City; Laura Lee, McLean, Va.; Lily Cushing, Squaw Valley, Calif.; Helen Chrysler, Southampton, L.I.; Sheila Prentice, Westbury, L.I.; Mary Cushing and her father, Howard Cushing, Newport, R.I.; Lucius Carroll, Norwich, Conn.; Mary Paine, New York City.

On her father's side, "Ceezee" Guest (the nickname is her sister's childhood mispronunciation of "sister") is Boston Old Guard—and nothing is older or more guarded than that. Her husband is New York Old Guard—charming, handsome and rich. Their stables are among the nation's best, and their Long Island estate would be one of the nation's showplaces if it were ever on show. But Ceezee's mother was a New York actress, and Ceezee herself once shook a leg as a show girl.

Therefore it is hardly surprising that she is equally at ease with Elsa Maxwell and Madame de Gaulle. And when the World Wildlife Fund set up the most glittering fund-raising dinner of the year in Manhattan last month, it enlisted Prince Philip of Britain and Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands, and asked Ceezee to be co-chairman. She is so secure a member of International Society that she can afford to stay home, as she is doing this summer, simply because she feels like it. "For Ceezee there's no such thing as missing a party," said *Vogue* Editor Diana Vreeland recently. "Either she's there, or for her it doesn't exist."

A Refinee of Dogs. At Templeton, the Guests' 150-acre estate in Roslyn, L.I., Ceezee and her husband are relaxing with the ease that the totally confident permit themselves. There are picnics by the pool with her friends, or the friends of her two stepsons, Winston Jr., 26, and Frederick, 24, by Winston's first marriage to Woolworth Heiress Helena McCann. There are jaunts in the pony cart with Ceezee's seven-year-old son Alexander (who thinks nothing of splitting a sentence between French and English). There are casually elegant buffet lunches and small dinner parties—seldom for more than 24—at which the guest list might include the Windsors, Henry Ford II and Salvador



AT HOME WITH HUSBAND & GIGI
Lessons in Ringmanship.

Dali, Italy's Donna Marella Agnelli and Truman Capote, Governor Nelson Rockefeller and the Maharajah of Jaipur, Noel Coward and Senator Jacob Javits.

Toward the end of October, Ceezee moves into the Guests' Manhattan apartment on Sutton Place (*TIME*, April 13) to take up her role as hostess and leader of fashion in this entertainment and fashion center of the world. For the past 14 years she has bought all her clothes at Mainbocher, with the exception of a dress or two she may pick up in Paris. Mainbocher, the classicist of simple lines and uncluttered elegance at stratospheric prices, and Ceezee were made for each other; her bright coloring and trim figure flatter his clothes, while their understated chic expresses Ceezee inside as well as outside.

"In New York I don't go in much for these little female lunches at the Colony and the Côte Basque," says Ceezee. "And I hate cocktail parties. We usually have people in or go out in the evening—to a dinner or a benefit or a ball. I'm not a great nightclubber, but of course I turn up at El Morocco from time to time. Last winter it was *Le Club*. I thought it was loads of fun."

Lady on Horseback. One of Ceezee's basic interests in life is riding. Every morning when the Guests are in Manhattan, she drives up to White Plains to take lessons from Coach Gordon Wright on the details of ringmanship—feet, hands, and placement for the jumps. From time to time throughout the year, the Guests spend a few days at Middleburg, Va., where they have a small cottage on the estate of a Phiops cousin. There Ceezee and Jacqueline Kennedy have known each other on the hunting field for years (though Ceezee knew Jack Kennedy slightly when he was at Harvard, they have never moved in the same social circles).

After Christmas, the Guests usually spend two or three months in Palm Beach. This is Winston's legal residence; his family arrived there soon after World War I. Though they have given much of their

land holdings to the city for parks and the like, the family still owns sizable quantities of Florida real estate, which they bought when Worth Avenue was pure boondocks. But Ceezee and Winston live simply in Palm Beach in a four-room apartment over a converted garage, occasionally entertaining small groups of friends in restaurants. Between times, when the mood seizes them, they take off for Paris, London or, as they did last winter, Egypt. There a bedazzled pasha presented Ceezee with a greyhound, which she gratefully accepted as a welcome addition to her traveling retinue of dogs (two Labrador retrievers, a miniature schnauzer, a toy poodle).

Plenty of Gasoline. It is a life Ceezee's mother could scarcely have envisioned for any daughter of hers when she made her own debut at 17—into show business. The daughter of a New York voice coach, Vivian Wessell began with a small part in a Lehar operetta, and ended her theatrical career some five years later after she met wealthy, well-born Boston Clubman Alexander Lynde Cochrane.

Bachelor Lynde Cochrane, 45, was descended from the fifth Earl of Douglas and from Scotland's hero, Robert Bruce. He married Vivian in a sneak ceremony on Aug. 12, 1917, and "immediately took off," said the *Boston Globe*, "in a high-powered automobile with clear weather and plenty of gasoline to take them to Newport on their way to a Maine hunting lodge." The second of their five children was Ceezee—christened Lucy Douglas Cochrane. Cochrane died in 1928, and in 1930 Vivian married another rich, blue-blooded Boston bachelor, Attorney Dudley L. Pickman Jr. He moved the whole family into a big granite Stanford White mansion on Commonwealth Avenue, with 40 rooms (five servants), where Ceezee grew up and the Pickmans still live.



IN HER DEBUTANTE YEAR
Mother came out at 17...



AS AN ACTRESS
... into show business.



SUMMER AFTERNOON AT TEMPLETON
For the sin of pleasure...

DEN HARTIN

Paris on Commonwealth Avenue. Ceezee took to school like a cat to water; she could get through it, but would much rather not. Her report cards indicate that as a ten-year-old she was inclined to be noisy and inattentive. She "needs to be very busy or she will gain superficial social superiority," was the comment on one of them, adding that "at heart she is kindly." Ceezee ended her academic career at Fermata, a very social, now defunct girls' school at Aiken, S.C., where she did best at French and Latin, worst at cooking and sewing, and admits: "I spent most of my time riding."

By the standards of staid old Boston, Ceezee was a bumptious debutante. She and her one-year-older sister Nancy, another high-spirited and conspicuously pretty blonde, were always making news, and Mrs. Pickman was kept busy berating the newspapers for printing pictures of them. Both were avid rooters for the Bruins hockey team; they knew all the players' names, and it was even rumored that on occasion Ceezee varied her diet of Harvard boys to go out with some of the squad. "She was always very democratic," recalls a contemporary.

Ceezee's coming-out party was just about the biggest event of the 1937-38 season. The first floor of the Commonwealth Avenue house was decked with awnings and posters to create an atmosphere of Parisian streets; the guests danced till dawn to two orchestras in the drawing room banked with white flowers.

Without Clothes. Ceezee came by her high-spirited independence from her mother. Refusing to be intimidated by the Old Guard's instinctive distrust of a sometime actress, Mrs. Pickman shook up Boston society by giving parties that stirred together Brahmins with Broadway, jazz musicians with longhairs such as Conductor Serge Koussevitzky of the Boston Symphony and Composer Igor Stravinsky. It would have been surprising if a pretty and independent girl like Ceezee had not set her sights beyond Back Bay.

In 1942, with three other post-debs (in-

cluding her sister Nancy), Ceezee appeared in a cabaret show at the Ritz roof garden as part of an act called "Boston's American Beauties." Her theatrical ambitions were doubtless enhanced by her heavy beau of that time, Movie Actor Victor Mature, who was stationed in Boston in the Coast Guard. In 1944, when she was 24, Lee Shubert gave her a job as show girl in the Broadway revival of the *Ziegfeld Follies*. One night at a party she met Darryl Zanuck, who arranged a screen test on the basis of which 20th Century-Fox signed her for a seven-year contract. Ceezee did not bowl over Hollywood. After nine months of coaching and study, but no screen credits, she went back to Boston.

But Ceezee was not to be completely without an audience. On a trip to Mexico in 1945, she met Diego Rivera, who immediately wanted to paint her—in the nude. Ceezee didn't wince, and when the painting was later hung in Ciro's Bar in the Hotel Reforma, she didn't

think it was anything to get excited about.

Not so Winston Frederick Churchill Guest, who had first been smitten by Ceezee when he saw a picture of her and wangled himself an introduction. Before their marriage in 1947, at the Havana plantation of his longtime hunting pal Ernest Hemingway, Guest bought Ceezee's picture out of the barroom, for a mere 15,000 pesos (\$3,075).

Gentle Giant. If Ceezee Guest's father and stepfather represent one kind of American society—or even aristocracy—her husband represents another. For Winston Guest's mother was a Phipps, and the Phippses are a dynastic family—a ruling house represented by a trust, which takes care of all the family finances down to their bills for shoes and ships and sealing wax.

The family fortune was founded, like many U.S. fortunes, about 100 years ago. Henry Phipps, the mild-mannered, warm-hearted son of a shoemaker in Allegheny, Pa., found himself in the steel business with one of his neighbors, a weaver's son named Andrew Carnegie. His daughter Amy, a remarkable woman of good looks and terrifying energy (she was shooting lions in her 60s), went to England and married Captain Frederick Edward Guest, polo-playing first cousin of Winston Churchill (who became godfather to her son Winston) and Secretary of State for Air in Lloyd George's Cabinet.

Schooled both in England and the U.S., Winston opted for U.S. citizenship when he was 21. A handsome, gentle giant (6 ft. 4 in.), Winston became one of the world's top polo stars; he had a ten-goal rating (the maximum) and starred for the U.S. in international matches.

New Mechanism. As Mrs. Winston Guest, the gay, impudent, restless Ceezee settled down to being a woman in the kind of life she was cut out for just as the social scene in which she moved was acquiring its most important postwar emphasis: the charity ball. For three years—1959-1961—she headed the most elegant



PUBLICITY PHOTOGRAPH FOR APRIL IN PARIS BALL
... charity helps adjust the conscience.

YALE JOEL—LIFE



MRS. HENRY J. HEINZ II
Even a painter...

and profitable of the balls—the April in Paris, which raised over \$300,000 under her chairmanship for French charities.

Charity has long been a broad, well-traveled bridge over which the Outs have made their way toward the Ins. For one thing, a Good Cause helps adjust the American conscience to the sin of pleasure; Boston's Old Guard ladies still meet to gossip in "Sewing Circles," though the original pretense, sewing for the poor, has long since been abandoned. There are more modern advantages in having an eleemosynary excuse for an enchanted evening: 1) costs are tax-exempt contributions, and 2) the socially ambitious will write big checks and work furiously for the chance to rub elbows with those who have arrived. Credit-by-association is used as a negotiable commodity by many of the Old Guard to do good in the world. "The very social Mrs. Lytle Hull," observes Society Photographer Jerome Zerbe, "is so obsessed by her pet charity, the Musicians' Emergency Fund, that she'd be photographed with anybody, even a bearded lady, if it would help the cause."

Charity balls have changed the pattern of Manhattan social life. There are still some private dances and private dinners, but today Society goes to these public functions because, as New York Hostess Drue Heinz says, "everybody else does. It's an enormous system into which Society has got swept up." Last year there were some 300 charity balls in New York City between October and May—an average of almost ten a week.

Ideally, the charity ball provides a useful social ladder for the rising and able newcomer to enter Society. If the *parvenu* seldom wangle invitations for the intimate little dinners of the inner circle, it scarcely matters; their daughters will be asked to the right deb parties and meet the right boys. And when they are married, they can give intimate little dinners of their own.

Real Gossip. Less attractively, the charity ball has spawned the Society Public Relations Agent. Manhattan's leading agents are Count Lanfranco Rasponi and Marianne (Mrs. Stephen van Rensselaer) Strong. Each also has restaurant and hotel accounts, and some "personal" accounts—Outs who want in badly enough to pay retainers ranging from \$500 to \$1,000 a month.

Society P.R. people maintain a symbiotic relationship with another type of pro that has burgeoned during the post-war years—the Society gossip columnist. In Manhattan there is hardly any real gossip in the daily flow of words from golf-playing Igor ("Cholly Knickerbocker") Cassini, in the *Journal American*, or good-natured Joseph X. Dever in the *World-Telegram*, or bland Nancy Randolph in the *Daily News*, or even the entertainingly abrasive "Suzy" (Aileen



MRS. HUGH J. CHISHOLM
... or a writer...

Mehle) in the *Mirror*. The fascinating intelligence that Mercedes de Footwork had lunch at the Purple Tulip is good for a line any time. No one may have heard of either Mercedes or the Tulip, but after both have been mentioned a dozen times and absorbed with faithful mindlessness by the people who read "the columns," Mercedes may get some invitations and the Tulip some customers.

Charity balls and gossip columnists help keep U.S. Society—especially New York Society—an open-end one. Even writers, painters and actors turn up among the guests these days. Says Drue Heinz: "These people are now accepted by Society even though they never belong to it, and this is a wonderful improvement. You are not nearly so likely to get stuck at dinner between two scions of famous families who tell their golf scores or that they've given up drink. Now you have a good chance of being seated next to an author or artist or lecturer who is there because he has something to offer Society."

The rise of the open-end international Society has naturally meant the decline of the *Social Register* as an index of who really "belongs." It is still important to the New Guard, for whom a listing is almost the only way left to know one is better than one's neighbors. Those who are knocking at the *Register's* door no longer have to contend with the studied inconsistencies of Bertha Eastmond, the train conductor's daughter who presided over the contents of the little black and orange book for nearly 40 years until her death in 1960. But the mysterious tribunal that sits in judgment in her stead is still impossible to outguess—even in terms of getting one's listing switched from one of the eleven other regional editions to the New York book. It may take years, or it may never happen. (Neither Serena Russell nor her parents are in the *Register*.)

The Old Guard still finds the *Register* useful as a place to find people's summer phone numbers and to look up who married Mildred's boy, but it has been too diluted with "just anybody" for it to "mean anything" any more. And as far as the chic international crowd is concerned, too few of them are listed for them to think about it one way or another.

Over to Venice. Rich people have always traveled, and the upper crust has always been basically international. But the jet plane has raised the mobility of the well-heeled to the point where national boundaries blur, distances telescope, and the only trouble is trying to figure out what time it is. Just getting around is a kind of admission ticket to the International Set. "The main thing is to be seen in enough right places often enough," said Photographer Zerbe over his shoulder as he hopped a jet in Paris for Rome. "If you're seen at St. Moritz for the skiing in February, on the beach at St.-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, Paris during the season (although there really wasn't any



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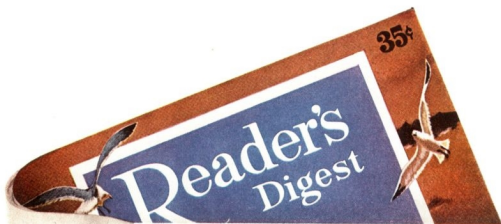
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Paris season this year), if you're in London at the end of July for Ascot, and Dublin the beginning of August for the horse show, people are very likely to forget they never met you."

In fact, the dedicated International Setter develops a sixth sense about places to be and when to be there. Old-line internationals like the Guests stay at the Ritz in Paris, but according to one observer, too many of the wrong people began to follow the right people there, so the right people had to start going to the Plaza-Athénée, the Lancaster and the Meurice. According to the same kind of Gresham's law, resorts, and even countries, suddenly are Out.

Spain's Costa Brava, in five years ago, is Out now, though the Costa del Sol is still O.K. Out are St.-Tropez and Jamaica. In are Barbados, the Greek islands, and Sardinia, where the Aga Khan (very In) is building a resort. Southampton is In; Newport is coming back In fast, partly because of the Kennedys, who were married there at Jackie's mother's shore-front house.

Among Manhattan restaurants, Le Pavillon is Out, the Côte Basque, Colony and Caravelle are In; "21" hasn't been In for years. After the 15th of June, the right thing is to slip over to Venice for a couple of weeks. There, of course, it would be best to have one's own palazzo—President Kennedy's friends, the Charles Wrightsmans, do. Countess Natalie Volpi's *piéd à terre* is a good example of style in Venice. The countess usually spends about a fortnight there in June; then off to Rome and other In spots until September, when Venice is Right again, for a while. Tethered outside when she is in residence is her silver-trimmed gondola, and four luxuriously appointed motorboats. The artist who designed the villa's furniture was paid an extra sum, equal to the royalties he would get for a given number of years from selling the designs commercially.

When the time limit is up, the countess will have some new furniture designed.

The Most with the Money. Continental Europe, home of the lightly taxed rich, does not yet know the Society P.R. Man or the charity ball; old-line aristocracies stage their own parties, and the climbing offers fewer hand and toe holds than in the U.S. In Rome, Count Aspremo Colonna gives an annual reception in his *palazzo*, whose splendors no U.S. citizen could match. Queen Elizabeth II once told the count: "After seeing your palace, I feel quite reluctant to invite you to Buckingham."

French aristocrats, such as Prince Michel de Bourbon de Parme and Comte Jean de Beaumont, father of one of the International Set's standout beauties, Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes, set the pace for French elegance. One of the biggest wigs among the bourgeois is Paul-Louis



PRINCESS D'ARENBERG & ELSA MAXWELL
The powerful.



VICOMTESSE JACQUELINE DE RIBES
The beautiful.

Weiller, who has some 15 houses, which he very generously lends.

Britain's aristocracy, heavily taxed and kept in its place by the democratic practice of conferring titles on union leaders, newspaper owners and even photographers, has never been highly exclusive, and for the most part amiably accepts the swirling new International Set. And despite death duties, a duke can still manage quite a bash, as witness this week's party in Blenheim Palace.

Ultimately, the "leaders" of the International Set are those with money who do the most with it. Among the most conspicuous: Baroness Heinrich von Thyssen (née Fiona Campbell-Walter); Rosita Winston, one of the world's best-dressed women and a part Cherokee Indian; Donna Marella Agnelli of Turin, whose husband's grandfather founded the Fiat automobile company; Rosie Warburton Gaynor Chisholm, whose grandparents were Old Guard Philadelphians, and whose mother married William K. Vanderbilt.



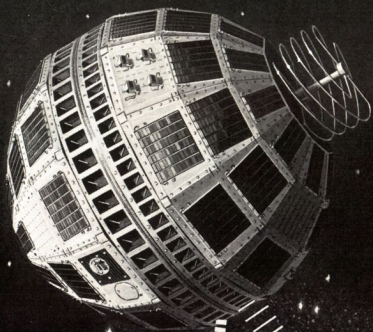
THE BLANDFORDS
The internationals.

The Game. The freewheeling International Set is helping to erode the ancient New England notion that the golden doors to Society are labeled WHITE PROTESTANTS ONLY. Anti-Semitism, less virulent in European social circles than in the U.S., increased in America around the turn of the century (probably as a result of the waves of immigration from central Europe), and not many Jews have rooted themselves as solidly in the Old Guard as August Belmont (1853-1924), whose name is a Franco-Anglicization of Schoenberg. Roman Catholics are solidly Old Guard in such Catholic-settled cities as New Orleans, St. Louis and Baltimore, but in heavily Catholic Boston they—and therefore the Kennedys—have been far more Out than In.

The open-end Society shows no signs of reverting to the closed, bloodline formalities of the past—urbanization and the high mobility of jet-age living will keep it open, just as water in constant motion does not freeze. This is not completely to the good; the old landed families, for all their stiffness, produced standards and had the authority to enforce them. It will be the responsibility of America's New Guard, busily working up on charities and civic enterprises and into the *Social Register*, to nurture an elite of service to counterbalance the merely rich, chic and amusing internationals whom *Vogue* calls "the Beautiful People" and *Women's Wear Daily* calls "the Arrogants and Elegants."

Ultimately, Society is a game in which the established are always challenging the newcomers to prove themselves. Their authority is largely that they got there first and therefore make the rules. It is also a game at which anyone can choose not to play—and some do so choose. But as long as there is room at the top and flow from below, Society is a yeasty tonic for democracy. Said 19th century Novelist William Dean Howells: "Inequality is as dear to the American heart as liberty itself."

New "TELSTAR" relays



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Bell System microwave-in-sky satellite is latest American triumph in communications arising from telephone research

THE world's first private enterprise communications satellite is now being used for dramatic experiments in relaying telephone calls and television internationally.

Its name: Telstar. It was launched from Cape Canaveral at Bell System expense by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

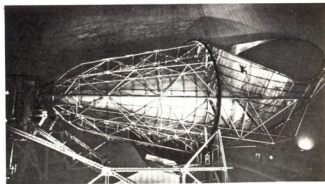
Telstar receives signals beamed to it from a ground station, amplifies them and transmits them to another station on the ground below—perhaps an ocean away from the first one. The new satellite thus acts as a microwave relay station in the sky, enabling voices, TV pictures and data messages to leap thousands of miles in a new and exciting way.

The ground stations in the U.S. now being used for Telstar were built by the Bell System at Andover, Maine, and Holmdel, New Jersey. Organizations abroad have built stations in England and France. The latter, a near replica of the station in Maine, was assembled with Bell System cooperation. A receiving station in Italy will be ready late this year, and another in West Germany next year.

Telstar is a major experimental step toward a world-wide satellite communications system that was first proposed as a practical venture

by Bell Telephone Laboratories. Progress toward such a system has depended on many contributions by the private communications industry, including six basic components—the transistor, the solar battery, the traveling wave tube, ruby masers, the waveguide, and new antennas for the ground stations with innovations in circuitry—direct outgrowths of Bell System research and development.

Above all else, Telstar is the latest achievement in an unending Bell System quest—the search for ways to make your telephone service still better, more economical, and more useful.



Inside the ground station "radome" at Andover, Maine. Giant antenna (note man near rim of horn) concentrates signals to Telstar in a narrow, powerful beam. The same antenna also receives extremely weak signals coming from Telstar and amplifies them billions of times.



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One morning at 5:45 last week, a group of prosperous-looking men, most of them pallid and paunchy, drove up to a construction site in Salt Lake City, and began mixing and pouring concrete for a building floor. Two hours later, tired but happy, they hopped back into their Buicks and Chryslers, drove home for a shave, shower and breakfast. Then they headed downtown to their regular jobs as lawyers, bankers, doctors and businessmen.

These high-salaried, early-morning moonlighters were devout Mormons help-

President David McKay, has been over to the chapel project twice, promises to do some carpentering later.

About four-fifths of the work on the chapel will be done by commercial contractors, who take a tolerant view of their moonlighting help. The volunteers themselves enjoy do-it-thyself chapel building—even though in some cases the motive is as much corporal as spiritual. "If we didn't believe in it," says Jay Johnson, an executive of Phillips Petroleum Co., "we wouldn't be there. But besides, it's physically good for those who sit at a desk all day long."

Theologians Wanted

What's wrong with U.S. theological seminaries and divinity schools? Plenty, charges Hartford Seminary Foundation's Peter Berger, 33, a Lutheran sociologist whose vivid attacks (*The Precarious Vision*, *The Noise of Solemn Assemblies*) on the organizational church are fast earning him a reputation as a kind of Connecticut Kierkegaard. Writing in the July issue of *Theology Today*, Berger argues that the seminaries have become so concerned with trying to provide for the short-term institutional needs of the church that they are in danger of forgetting what a Protestant minister really ought to be: first and foremost, a theological scholar.

Oratory & Ceremonies. Trouble is, says Berger, that theology has become "dysfunctional" to the demands of the religious establishment. At present, neither church nor congregation expects its ministerial middlemen to know much theology. Since denominational differences among the big churches in an ecumenical age are less important than in the past, "the theological erudition of the minister is of only peripheral significance in terms of the expectations the organizations must have of him. What is important is that he effectively promote the program of the organization in a situation in which, inevitably, he is competing with others for members." Too often, says Berger, the minister's flock seeks merely "edifying oratory, the competent performance of certain vaguely understood ceremonies, the exercise of moral influence upon the young, personal counseling especially in times of crisis, and last but not least, the half-way plausible exhibition of a morally exemplary life which one cannot seriously emulate but with which one can vicariously identify."

The Organization Minister. These institutional demands have had their effect on the seminaries. In the interest of "making Christianity relevant" and "vitalizing the curriculum," Berger charges, the divinity schools have tended to shunt the theology aside and substitute a welter of courses in sociology, psychology, church management and literature. The end product of such education is likely to be that thoroughly un-Christian figure—the organization minister.

Apart from this unattractive prospect, Sociologist Berger insists that the min-

istry cannot possibly be relevant without a theological understanding of its role in the world. Christianity must penetrate "the consciousness of this age"; as puts it, "the theologian is an indispensable participant in this task of Christian intellectual penetration."

If the seminaries are to uphold the Protestant tradition, he says, they must rehabilitate the ideal of the minister-scholar—and provide him with the right kind of education. "The traditional theological disciplines," Berger insists, "must regain their central position They must be an end to the grotesque spectacle of a Protestant ministry that continues to maintain the primacy of Scripture for Christian thought and life—and is unable to read the same Scripture except through the pale mirror of translations."

Berger admits that his concept of ministerial theology for the seminaries is going against the stream of the time. But he insists that it does not have to be a utopian hope. The demand for ministers exceeds the supply, and the churches have no choice but to accept the kind of clergyman that the divinity schools choose to turn out. "They can assert even a modicum of independence *vis-à-vis* the organization, have much leeway for doing at least some of the things that their Christian reason advocates they should do."

R.S.V.P.

When Pope John XXIII summoned the Second Vatican Council to meet next October, the Vatican announced that no Catholics would be invited to send representatives as nonvoting delegates. The job of figuring out who should come and what capacity was left largely to August Cardinal Bea (TIME, July 6), the wise Jesuit who heads the Vatican's Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity. To avoid the diplomatic fiasco that marred the first Vatican Council,* Bea and his assistant Dutch Msgr. Willebrands, spent long hours conferring with Protestant and Orthodox churchmen, made it clear that invitations would go only to those who wanted to come.

Last week, in the name of Pope John, Bea invited three of the world's largest Protestant cooperative agencies—the World Council of Churches, the Lutheran World Federation, and the World Presbyterian Alliance—to name two or three of their delegates each by Aug. 1. Anxious to attend the sessions, the World Methodist Council accepted its invitation last month, and the Church of England has already named as Anglican delegates three experts on ecumenical problems. Another major church group on the list is the International Congregational Council, whose delegates ended the ninth Congregational Council in Rotterdam last week, voted unanimously in advance to accept the Vatican's invitation when it comes.

* In 1868 a group of Eastern Orthodox patriarchs was asked to attend, but turned down the offer because their bids were preemptively scored, and had been accidentally released to the press beforehand.



MORMON CHAPEL BUILDERS.
"Part of our sweat is in it."

ing to build a new \$600,000 chapel for a ward (parish) in Federal Heights, a prosperous Salt Lake City suburb where homes cost up to \$85,000 and the average income is about \$13,000 a year. By Mormon rule, the headquarters of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints contribute half of the chapel's cost; the ward's members must pay the rest. The Mormons of Federal Heights have collected most of their cash quota, but they decided to supplement it by taking advantage of an old custom of the church that allows members to "work off" part of their assessments. Says Ward Bishop George R. Hill, a professor of fuel technology at the University of Utah: "We like to feel that part of our sweat is in it."

Since work began in May, volunteer chapel builders have put in more than 500 hours of hard labor on Saturdays, Thursday evenings, and early mornings, mostly on such relatively simple tasks as painting and pouring concrete. Utah's Governor George Dewey Clyde, who lives in the ward, put in one enthusiastic session with a shovel. Henry D. Moyle, an oil company millionaire who is counselor to Church



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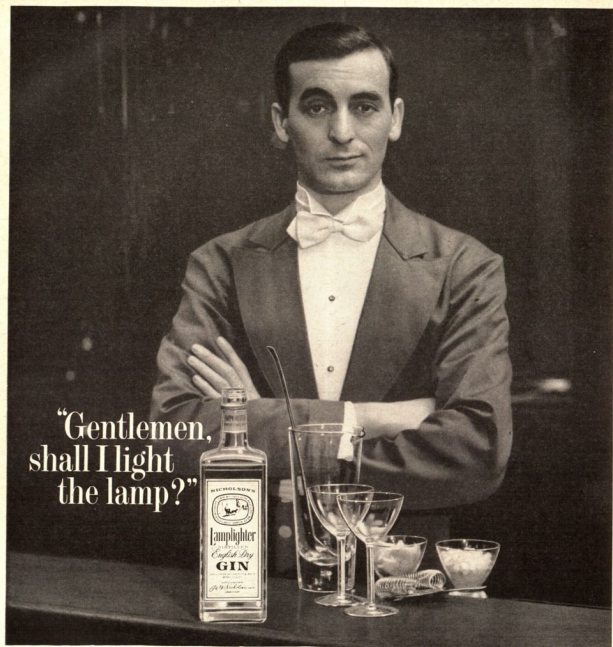
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EDUCATION

Laugh, Teacher, Laugh

Parents who scorn the "See, See, See" tedium of "basal readers" have long cherished the story about the first-grade teacher who steps out of her wrecked car to cry, "Oh, Oh, Oh—Damn, Damn, Damn." Now the gag has grown to an entire parody of the best-known reader, *Fun with Dick and Jane*. At this month's convention of the National Education Association, delegates happily passed around the anonymous spoof, *Fun with Hamlet and His Friends*. Excerpts:

See Hamlet run, Run, Hamlet, Run.
He is going to his mother's room.
"I have something to tell you, mother," says Hamlet. "Uncle Claudius is bad. He gave my father poison. Poison is not good. I do not like poison. Do you like poison?"
"Oh, no, indeed!" says his mother. "I do not like poison."

"Oh, there is Uncle Claudius," says Hamlet. "He is hiding behind the curtain. Why is he hiding behind the curtain? Shall I stab him? What fun it would be to stab him through the curtain."

See Hamlet draw his sword. See Hamlet stab. Stab, Hamlet, Stab.

See Uncle Claudius' blood.
See Uncle Claudius' blood gushing.
Gush, Blood, Gush.
See Uncle Claudius fall. How funny he looks, stabbed.

Ha, ha, ha.
But it is not Uncle Claudius. It is Polonius. Polonius is Ophelia's father.

"You are naughty, Hamlet," says Hamlet's mother. "You have stabbed Polonius."

But Hamlet's mother is not cross. She is a good mother. Hamlet loves his mother very much. Hamlet loves his mother very, very much. Does Hamlet love his mother a little too much? Perhaps.

See Hamlet run, Run, Hamlet, Run.
"I am on my way to find Uncle Claudius," Hamlet says.

On the way he meets a man. "I am Laertes," says the man. "Let us draw our swords. Let us duel."

See Hamlet and Laertes duel. See Laertes stab Hamlet. See Hamlet stab Laertes.

See Hamlet's mother drink poison. See Hamlet stab King Claudius.

See everybody wounded and bleeding and dying and dead.

What fun they are having!
Wouldn't you like to have fun like that?

Learning Naturally

Even in stunning Washington State, land of sockeye, snow peaks and geoducks, few men are such wise lovers of the outdoors as a remarkable woman teacher, Dorothy J. Bennett, avid mountaineer and ardent promoter of "conservation as a way of life." In the past 13 summers, she has spread the word to some 7,500 youngsters, who in turn have spread it to grown-ups all over Washington. Her curriculum is a \$10 vacation-education for fifth and sixth grade children that must be the

cheapest insurance against nature wrecking in the U.S.

Teacher Bennett is the Colorado-born superintendent of schools in western Washington's Snohomish County. Trim and tireless at 53, she is also a celebrated backpacker who has logged more than 2,000 miles on Cascade Mountain trails. She once strolled the 24 miles around 14,408-ft. Mount Rainier in a single day, is the only woman member of the advisory council of Mount Baker National Forest. U.S. forest rangers say she knows "more about the woods than we do," and what she knows is how humans should

to the cirque glaciers of 6,120-ft. Big Four Mountain. Not long ago, one little girl was so impressed by the importance of such frozen reservoirs to Washington's great rivers and forests that she worriedly ordered her trail mates to quit throwing "wasteful" snowballs.

Stop to Spit. Everywhere Dorothy Bennett's kids soaked up knowledge of woods and wildlife unheard of in cities and suburbs. They became amateur weather prophets and masters of tin-can disposal (burn, flatten, bury). Most of all, they learned the interdependence of birds, fish, insects, plants—and people. As examples of how to wreck that natural order, they studied erosion left by mindless loggers in the 1920s, compared it with the



TEACHER BENNETT & STUDENTS IN MOUNT BAKER NATIONAL FOREST
And reforming parents in the process.

treat the treasures of nature in their own best interests.

Save the Snowballs. To teach her lore, Mrs. Bennett in 1948 launched a unique summer classroom in Mount Baker National Forest. Camp Silverton-Waldheim consists of a few tents, a rough lodge, and 45 acres of rain forest along the Stillaguamish River. It is part of the Snohomish school system, but costs the taxpayers nothing. Student teachers pay for the privilege of being counselors, and dozens of volunteers, from timbermen to Navy Seabees, chip in everything from cash to carpentry.

This summer 800 youngsters are getting a week's crack at Silverton, and last week a fresh batch of 100 plumped delightedly into 14-hour days of wilderness living and learning. Along with the outdoors lessons, there was lots of fun. In small groups, they slept under the stars, explored the area's gold rush (1893) ghost towns, panned for garnets on the Stillaguamish. They haunted trout hatcheries, fire lookouts and tree farms, learning how fallen trees nurse new seedlings, climbed

conserving ways of modern forest industries. The kids planted their own trees, developed a chronic horror of forest fires. Teacher Bennett is proud to say: "I don't believe any Silverton graduate will ever start a forest fire."

Each year fascinated old grads keep coming back for more, often hauling parents along to make sure they get the point. Among the results: a spate of science-fair winners, many college-forestry majors—and platoons of reformed parents. "I've been camping out for 30 years," says one father, "but my boy has taught me things I never knew. If I dropped a spent match out of a car window these days, I think he'd make me stop, walk back, pick it up and spit on it."

Midwesternizing Turkey

When Kemal Ataturk, first President of the Turkish Republic, was trying to yank the ancient Ottoman Empire into the 20th century, one of his dreams was the development of remote Erzurum province, a bleak, 8,000-sq.-mi. region in northeastern Turkey. Erzurum is now awakening, and



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the agent is, appropriately, a university named for Atatürk. The school has inherited its godfather's impatience with the outdated, but gets its drive from a group of American farm experts,* who are Midwesternizing Erzurum as steadily as the great Mustafa Kemal once Westernized Istanbul.

Wolves on Campus. Atatürk U. is patterned after U.S. land-grant colleges, founded 100 years ago this month, which put higher education within the reach of every American. Envisioning the same for the Turks, the Turkish government in 1955 bought land for a campus in the mountain-ringed town of Erzurum, at the headwaters of the Euphrates River, 120 miles from the Russian border. The U.S. Government, anxious to help a staunch ally, contracted with the University of Nebraska to establish a university. When Project Leader Marvel Baker arrived, he found that "Atatürk University was 10,000 acres of snow-covered fields, without even a shed." The snow—often dotted with wolf tracks—keeps Erzurum almost completely isolated for six months a year; in winter temperatures sometimes plunge to 31° below zero. The area's humble peasants, living in isolation for centuries, work their fields with plows that have not changed in 2,000 years.

Baker mustered Midwestern agriculture professors willing to brave such conditions. He got a bonanza: five elderly (average age: 62) but energetic pros whose capacity for hard work awes Erzurum's oldsters. Along with their equally vigorous wives, who nurse, teach, bake bread and organize dances, the Americans moved into the dilapidated guest house of a local sugar factory, set up classes in the

* Something of a tradition: site of the first American campus outside the U.S. is Istanbul's Robert College (1863). Americans also helped found Ankara's Middle East Technical University in 1906.

cramped rooms of a former girls' school. Gradually, the hard-working Midwesterners built their university: a four-year curriculum offering agriculture or science and letters, a 70,000-volume library, a modern dairy, and a research program in crop science, animal husbandry and soil conservation. Thirty-five Turkish students were sent to the U.S. for advanced study, half of them later returning to Atatürk as assistants.

The U.S. specialists cautiously introduced improvements to the suspicious peasants by example. Local farmers were amazed when a yearling calf from the Atatürk research station was brought to market weighing three times as much as their own three-year-old cattle—and they started asking questions.

Twelve-Year Apprenticeship. As Atatürk graduated its first class of 99 students this month, it was still far from being a replica of the University of Nebraska. Partly because of red tape and political turmoil, the complete campus that was supposed to be finished by the Turkish government last year will probably not be ready before 1965. The Americans are also concerned about who will replace them when the U.S. program ends in 1967. Few Turkish professors want to transfer from the Turkish universities at Istanbul, Ankara or Izmir to teach in the frigid boondocks, and archaic teaching laws prevent U.S.-trained assistants from lecturing until they have gone through a twelve-year apprenticeship.

But Atatürk's goals are impressive even by the standards its name implies. With present enrollment at 460, the university hopes to accommodate 1,000 students by 1965, and eventually grow to 10,000. Says R. A. Souček, the Nebraska-educated Turk who serves as group secretary: "Atatürk University will be a beacon to these people who have lived too long in the dark ages."

ART



PISSARRO'S PISSARRO

"He could have taught stones to draw."

"Humble & Colossal"

In commenting upon the exhibition on display last week at Paris' Durand-Ruel Gallery, Critic Pierre Cabanne of the weekly *Arts* neatly summed up the fate of Impressionist Camille Pissarro. He is largely ignored, said Cabanne, "for not having the ardour of Cézanne, the sensuality of Renoir, the brilliance of Sisley, the visual sharpness of Degas, the fullness of Monet's conception." At first glance, Pissarro's work does seem to lack the dazzle of his colleagues', but after longer study, the full truth emerges. Far from lacking the virtues of the others, he had them all under firm and quiet control. Indeed, he was a source of many of them.

Praise for a Primitive. In the 59 years since his death, Pissarro has been given few good shows, and when Pissarro is not seen at his best he is best not seen at all. But the current show, put on by the same gallery that championed the impressionists during their years of public scorn, was chosen from private collections with both taste and sensitivity. Even so, it has not been much of a success; critical comment has been scanty, public attendance indifferent. As Cézanne once noted, Pissarro's was a humble art—and people tend to leave the verdict at that. They do not complete Cézanne's famous phrase: "The humble and colossal Pissarro."

He was at one time the dean of the impressionists, and he was always the most beloved—a patient, gentle man with a long flowing beard and a heart as large as a landscape. He was a teacher with so great a gift that Mary Cassatt once said, "He could have taught stones to draw correctly." Though he did not convert the young Paul Cézanne to impressionism, he was responsible for the perception with which Cézanne observed nature, and for

his devotion to inner construction. When a pompous friend, expecting him to laugh, took him to an exhibition of Henri Rousseau, Pissarro astonished the gallery by praising the primitive warmly. It was Pissarro who aided Gauguin after he gave up the Bourse for a fulltime career in art, and it was Pissarro who taught the young Van Gogh to open his canvases to the sun.

Error of Imitation. The Durand-Ruel exhibition shows him once again embodying all the currents of the great stream of impressionism. In his early paintings of peasants, there are the same firm, sharply outlined bodies that, in greatly developed form, became the hallmark of Renoir. In the solid structure of the landscape, there are the origins of Cézanne, and some paintings have Monet's ability to dissolve substance into light.

His peaceful landscapes and bustling city streets never scream for attention or proclaim their mastery. But the mastery is there all the same. In his last year, when he could not easily get about, Pissarro painted what he could see from his apartment windows—the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Carrousel. In one of these, he captured perfectly the golden summer light of Paris. But he did it, as usual, in a humble and muted manner forcing the viewer to take a long and tender look.

A Masterpiece of Sorts

The stealing of art has become such a popular pastime with the highbrow underworld that it has also become—as news, at least—a bit of a bore. But last week's heist from the respected O'Hana Gallery in London was the biggest in British history. Gone from the gallery's choice "Summer Exhibition" were 35 paintings, including works from the recently sold Sir Alexander Korda collection. Renoir's magnificent *Andrie Assise* from the Somerset Maugham collection, and the well-known *Tilling the Vineyard*, by Toulouse-Lautrec. The market value of the haul was estimated at about \$1,200,000, and the thieves were obviously connoisseurs. They not only took the best; they also knew which paintings were too delicate to be cut from their frames and would have to be taken frame and all. Said one insurance assessor working on the case: "I would call this a masterpiece of crime."

Scotland Yard put all harbors and airports on the alert, but it did so with a suggestion of quiet desperation. After all, Goya's portrait of the Duke of Wellington, stolen from the National Gallery eleven months ago, has yet to be found.

Homage to Hals

Until they opened a museum in the summer of 1862, the burghers of Haarlem in The Netherlands never fully realized the extent of their riches. There had been paintings in various public buildings all over town, but now they were assembled under one roof, and the effect was dazzling. The museum was appropriately named for the great 17th century master Frans Hals, for it was his work that towered over everything else.

Last week, in celebration of its centen-

nial, the museum had on view the largest exhibition of Hals paintings ever held. Eleven of the canvases belonged to Haarlem; the rest came from as far away as the State Museum of Odessa and the University of Illinois in Urbana. Queen Elizabeth of England and Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist of Philadelphia each sent a painting; the Earl of Radnor and the King of Sweden sent two apiece.

Stodgy But Vital. Frans Hals, one of the finest of portrait painters, recorded an era of Dutchmen who, aside from a few laughing fisherboys, gypsies and assorted tipplers, must have been a pretty stodgy lot. Yet Hals gave them a vitality that still jumps from the canvas. Hals never worked from sketches; he drew simply and directly with his brush, building his invariably harmonious compositions almost by instinct. He wasted no time on frills or dramatics; his presentation was straightforward, sometimes even stark. Yet his brush was so light and fluid that even when his subjects appear in a void, with nothing stirring about them, they themselves seem about to move or speak.

Hals usually preferred to let his subjects stand or sit on an empty stage with only their personalities—a tightness of the lip, a squint of the eyes, a proud thrust of the head—constituting the action. His *Married Couple* (see color) was one of the exceptions. The two young people seem to have flung themselves into their coy positions only a moment ago, and they look as if they might just as hurriedly get up to go on about their business. The manicured landscape in the background is strangely sentimental for a realist like Hals; critics believe that he was using some fashionable symbology. A garden was the traditional home of Venus; the peacocks may refer to Juno, the protectress of marriage, and the ivy behind the young woman could be the symbol of fidelity.

Alone But Linked. Though few men could catch so well the character of an individual, Hals was also the master of the group portrait. With him, all the contrived clumsiness of his predecessors vanished. His *Banquet of Officers of the St. Joris-Doelen* is so composed that while each man retains his individuality, he is linked by gesture and expression to the whole. The seated figure in the foreground provides a dash of humor: he holds his glass upside down to show he is out of wine. In 1621 a city ordinance ruled that these banquets should not last more than three or four days. Previously, they tended to go on for a week.

The solid citizens that Hals painted were a prosperous lot, but Hals himself, the father of perhaps a dozen children, was often near starvation. Most of the documents still in existence concerning his personal life are court records of suits filed by creditors. Hals was so poor that the city had to provide him with three cartloads of turf each year for fuel, and it also paid for his grave. He was buried in 1666 at a cost of four florins (\$1.50). His paintings on exhibition in Haarlem last week were insured for \$25 million.



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MILESTONES

Born. To Charlie Chaplin, 73, ageless genius, and Fourth Wife Oona O'Neill Chaplin, 37; their eighth child, third son; in Lausanne, Switzerland.

Divorced. By Actress Janet Leigh, 35, svelte, blonde Hollywood favorite; Tony Curtis, 37, curly-coifed cinemactor; on grounds of extreme mental cruelty; after eleven years of marriage, two children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Jerry Wald, 49, chunky, eclectic moviemaker whose perpetual motion picturing made him one of Hollywood's most prolific producers (*The Man Who Came to Dinner*, *Mildred Pierce*, *Peyton Place*, *From Here to Eternity*); whose detractors claimed he was the prototype for the fast-rising heel in Budd Schulberg's *What Makes Sammy Run?*, left a vice-presidency at Columbia Pictures in 1956 to form his own company, had as many as 24 films before the cameras at the same time, once remarking, "If I were a multimillionaire, I'd pick this business as a hobby"; of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills, Calif.

Died. Roger Wolfe Kahn, 54, test pilot, bandleader and Tin Pan Alley composer (*Crazy Rhythm*, *Nobody Loves Me*, *Imagination*), son of Millionaire Art Collector Otto Kahn, who formed his first band before the age of 17, later took up flying, got a World War II job testing the Grumman Wildcat fighter, stayed on to become a top executive for the Long Island, N.Y., planemaker; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. James Thomas Blair, 60, onetime Governor of Missouri (1956-60), a bourbon-drinking friend of Harry Truman, whose major campaign in office was to improve his state's mental health program by building more and better hospitals; and Emilie Chorn Blair, his wife, 58; both from accidental asphyxiation (carbon monoxide fumes sucked into the air-conditioning system of their home from the garage where their Cadillac was parked, its engine running); in Jefferson City, Mo.

Died. Malcolm Paul Cantrell, 65, Tennessee banker and heavy-handed politician whose powerful Democratic machine allied itself with Memphis' Boss Crump, ruled the roost in southeastern Tennessee's McMinn and Polk counties for a decade until returning World War II veterans formed the G.I. Non-Partisan League to fight him, used Tommy guns and dynamite on election day, Aug. 1, 1946, to rescue ballot boxes from the county jail where Cantrell's henchmen had hidden them; of cancer; in Athens, Tenn.

Died. Stanley Myer Isaacs, 79, white-haired political reformer and onetime Republican borough president of Manhattan (1938-41), who later served for 20 years

(often as the only Republican) on the New York City Council, earned the bipartisan support of both Democrats and Liberals for his long fight to clean up the city's festering slums; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Edward Francis Hutton, 86, who started work as a \$5-a-week grease monkey, went on to make millions on the stock market, founded the Wall Street firm that bears his name; after a long illness; in Old Westbury, N.Y. An imperiously handsome man, father of Actress Dina Merrill, Hutton retired from his brokerage firm to start a new career shortly after he married Marjorie Merriweather Post, sole heir to the Postum Cereal fortune; taking over the reins of the faltering Postum Cereal Co., he merged it and 14 other grocery companies into General Foods, now a giant in its field. An unyielding believer in free enterprise, his relations with U.S. Presidents, notably Franklin D. Roosevelt, were marked by angry clashes; he believed that the Government was growing too big, too paternalistic, in 1935 called on the nation's businessmen to "gang up" on F.D.R., once took a full-page newspaper ad to declare: "This country was sired, conceived and 'birthed' as a Republic—not as a Democracy."

Died. Owen D. Young, 87, a gentlemanly lawyer who worked his way through college and law school to become board chairman of two of U.S. industry's giants, Radio Corp. of America, which he helped put together in 1919 at the request of President Wilson to keep the budding U.S. communications industry from strangling in a web of patent litigation, and General Electric Co., which he served for 19 years; after a long illness; in St. Augustine, Fla. Unlike his contemporary, Ned Hutton, Young's conciliatory personality often brought him into Government service; he served five U.S. Presidents as a troubleshooter and was, tapped by Calvin Coolidge in 1924 to help Charles G. Dawes work out an Allied powers plan to check German inflation; five years later he returned to international finance, drawing up the Young Plan designed to reduce the reparations a bankrupt Germany was to pay the victorious Allies. Remaining true to his life-long philosophy that there should be no "elder statesmen," he retired at 65 to the tiny farming village of Van Hornesville in upper New York State, where he was born.

Died. Archduke Joseph Habsburg-Lothringen, 89, royal prince of Hungary and last surviving field marshal of the Austro-Hungarian army, who at the end of World War I was instrumental in driving Communist Béla Kun from Budapest, ruled the country until Admiral Horthy came to power in 1920; of a heart attack while deer hunting; near Regensburg, Bavaria.

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MEDICINE

More Time for Pills

After more than five years of use, oral contraceptives have proved to be "virtually 100% effective," reported the authoritative *Medical Letter*. But the report hastened to add a warning: birth-control pills still have not been used "over a sufficient part of the human life span to rule out the possibility of important injurious effects."

Any pill users who have become pregnant, the *Medical Letter* maintains, can attribute their condition to "misunderstanding or negligence" (the pills must be taken 20 days a month, at a monthly cost of about \$3.50). But despite such assurance, the *Letter* suggests that until information about possible long-term side effects is far more complete, an oral contraceptive be used only when other methods "do not serve."

On the same subject last week, a study in the A.M.A. *Journal* recommended the pills for "women who are burdened by unreasonable consorts and who must always be prepared." But the *Journal* added that even those women must be prepared to add to their burden such common immediate side effects as "fatigue, nausea, vomiting, bloating, lower abdominal distress, tenderness of the breasts, and weight gain."

The Little Mouse

Little Denise McWhorter was only a few minutes old, but Pediatrician Spencer Snow could see that she was in desperate trouble. She had trouble breathing, and she could not swallow; she seemed to be drowning in her own saliva. In an effort to ease the difficulty, Snow slid a tube down the baby's throat. It stopped short, and X rays confirmed the diagnosis: little Denise has a connecting passage between her esophagus and her windpipe; and the upper section of the esophagus ended before it reached her stomach. Further examination showed that there was no opening at the lower end of the baby's digestive tract. The X rays also suggested an abscess blocking a perforated small bowel. The big question at Salt Lake City's Latter-day Saints Hospital was: Would little (4 lb.) Denise live long enough for a hastily assembled team of doctors to attempt an operation?

Wads of Trouble. "We'll try to keep her breathing," promised the anesthesiologist. "We'll try." At 2 a.m., three hours after she was born, Denise was carried into the operating room. As soon as he sliced into her abdomen, Surgeon Robert Beveridge saw that her troubles were even worse than he had suspected. "Her organs looked as if someone had just wadded them in his fist and thrown them in there," he said. He drained off the abscess that was blocking the infant's small bowel. Next Beveridge sewed a tube into the wall of her stomach so that she could be fed. After that, he performed a colostomy—looped part of the colon (large bowel)

outside the baby's body so that she could get rid of waste. Somehow, Denise was still breathing when Beveridge closed up her abdomen. But the operation was only half over.

Beveridge made another incision in the baby's chest so that he could join the two separated sections of her esophagus—but the sections were too far apart to be sewn together. All the surgeon could do was close the opening between esophagus and



DENISE MCWHORTER & MOTHER
Rearranged and doing nicely.

windpipe, and bring the end of the upper section of the esophagus outside the neck to provide drainage; Denise would depend on the stomach tube for feeding. At 6 a.m., the second incision was closed. Denise was soon able to take in and dispose of liquids.

Pounds of Health. After the operation, Denise dropped to 3 lbs. 12 oz. Then she started to gain. Beveridge promised her mother—the wife of a truck driver and the mother of two normal daughters—that Denise could go home when she weighed 5 lbs. At 5 lbs. 2 oz., he finally consented. By last week—2½ months after the operation—Denise weighed 6 lbs. and seemed to be thriving. She is not yet out of danger, but Surgeon Beveridge is confident enough to have set up a tentative schedule for further operations. By the time Denise is one, he hopes to open her digestive tract and close the colostomy; when she is two, he will rebuild the esophagus by transplanting a loop of her intestines. Beveridge now admits: "I really never thought Little Mouse would last."

Battered-Child Syndrome

To many doctors, the incident is becoming distressingly familiar. A child, usually under three, is brought to the office with multiple fractures—often including a fractured skull. The parents ex-

press appropriate concern, report that the baby fell out of bed, or tumbled down the stairs, or was injured by a playmate. But X rays and experience lead the doctor to a different conclusion: the child has been beaten by his parents. He is suffering from what last week's A.M.A. *Journal* calls "the battered-child syndrome."

Psychopathic Personalities. There is no indication that the ancient ritual of child beating has been mitigated by modern theories of child raising. Parents continue to kick and punch their children, twist their arms, beat them with hammers or the buckle end of belts, burn them with cigarettes or electric irons, and scald them with whatever happens to be on the stove. Gathering documentation from 71 hospitals, a University of Colorado team headed by Pediatrician C. Henry Kempe found 302 battered-child cases in a single year; 33 of the children died, 85 suffered permanent brain damage. An accompanying *Journal* editorial predicts that when statistics on the battered-child syndrome are complete, "It is likely that it will be found to be a more frequent cause of death than such well-recognized and thoroughly studied diseases as leukemia, cystic fibrosis and muscular dystrophy."

Although the Colorado doctors found that "beating of children is not confined to people with a psychopathic personality or of borderline socioeconomic status," as is often thought, the beatings usually indicate psychologically disturbed parents. Occasionally a child beater will admit and even boast of the beatings, but in most cases the parents deny any responsibility for the injury, and voluntarily bring the child for treatment, often to a different doctor after each successive beating. Parental denial of any wrongdoing reinforces a doctor's natural hesitance to consider child beating as the cause of injury. Detection may be further hampered by the child's inability to speak for himself.

Physician's Responsibility. But switching doctors, falsifying medical histories and feigning concern cannot change a child's X rays. Says the Kempe report: "To the informed physician, the bones tell a story the child is too young or too frightened to tell." Since child beating is almost always repeated, X-ray signs of fractures in different stages of healing are almost always a strong indication of parent-inflicted injuries. "The radiologic features are so distinct," say the Colorado doctors, "that other diseases generally are considered only because of the reluctance to accept the implications of the bony lesions [bone injuries]."

The A.M.A. *Journal* report argues that doctors must overcome this reluctance, must be ready to assume responsibility for the safety of the child. Objective and well-documented evidence should be submitted to legal authorities. "Above all," concludes the report, "the physician's duty and responsibility to the child requires a full evaluation of the problem and the guarantee that the expected repetition of trauma will not be permitted to occur."



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SPORT

Taming the Shrew

"I don't know what's wrong," muttered Defending Champion Arnold Palmer on the eve of last week's British Open at Troon, Scotland. "My back hurts. My drives are straying off to the right. I don't know if I'll ever learn how to putt again. I'm just terrible—and I don't even



LONDON DAILY EXPRESS
PALMER AFTER MISSING PRACTICE PUTT
In longjohns and liniment.

want to talk about it." A photographer caught Palmer in a rare moment of pique (see cut), after a 4-ft. putt went awry during a practice round. But his complaints cut few divots with Britain's book-makers, who installed him as the 2-to-1 favorite, or with his fellow pros. "Don't you worry about old Arnie," drawled Sam Snead. "There ain't nothin' wrong with him that a two-stroke lead won't fix. He's just trying to sweet-talk that tough old course into lyin' down and playin' dead."

Hard by the Firth of Clyde, the 84-year-old Troon course has the teeth of a tiger and the temperament of a capricious shrew. It was at Troon in the 1923 British Open that 21-year-old Gene Sarazen, cocky 1922 U.S. Open champion, teed off into a howling gale sweeping in unannounced from the slate-grey firth, shot a horrendous 85, and caught the next boat home. Even in the sunniest of weather, the championship 7,045-yd. course is a clutched jungle of harsh grass, spiny Scotch broom and impenetrable whin bushes. Ditchlike burns and sheered-faced bunkers dot the threadbare fairways; the postage-stamp greens are stubby and unpredictable. Commuter trains clatter past while golfers sweat over tricky putts, and yowling jet airliners swoop low to land at Prestwick, only two miles away.

"It's Impossible." Britain's best golfer, 49-year-old Dai Rees, who lost to Palmer by one stroke last year, failed to survive the 36-hole cut; so did Gene Littler, the 1961 U.S. Open champion, and South Africa's Gary Player, winner of the 1961 Masters. Complaining bitterly about the smaller British ball,* young Jack Nicklaus, conqueror of Palmer in the U.S. Open (Time cover, June 29), sprayed himself out of contention with a first-round 80. "An 80?" he moaned. "It's impossible. I can't shoot 80."

But if Nicklaus and the rest were bewildered by Troon, Palmer was not. Wearing longjohns, his sore back swabbed with liniment, he fired a first-round 71 that left him tied for third. "I'm leaving putts hanging all over the map," he groaned as he headed for the clubhouse. And if that was the kind of sweet-sour talk old Troon liked to hear, it certainly worked.

Next day, Palmer's cold putter suddenly turned hot: he shot a three-under-par 69 that put him two strokes ahead of the fast-fading pack. The critical play came at the fearsome, 485-yd. eleventh hole—"the worst hole I've ever played," said Palmer—where three players already had scored sextuple-bogey elevens and Nicklaus later staggered to a ten. Splitting the narrow fairway with a No. 1 iron,† Palmer sent a No. 2 iron shot whistling onto the green, just 20 ft. from the pin. Coolly, he stepped up and sank the putt for an eagle 3.

"It Was Shocking." On the final day, Palmer took a lesson from his wife,

"You're moving your head when you putt," she said.

"I am?"

"Yes, you are."

Then he strode jauntily to the first tee, and launched the finest exhibition of championship golf that Britain has ever seen. It was typical Palmer golf, a mixture of brute strength and tender finesse: his drives boomed out 320 yds. from the tee, his approaches dug fiercely into the greens, and every putt had eyes only for the cup.

Excited fans swarmed down the fairway, trampling greens and slugging cops in their eagerness to get a glimpse of the broad-shouldered American. Said one Scot galleryite: "It was shocking. He never played anything safe." Said Palmer: "I have never—I mean never—played better golf." In the morning round he fired a 67; in the afternoon, a 69. His 72-hole total of 276, twelve under par,

* It measures 1.62 in. in diameter v. the U.S. ball's 1.68 in. Although the difference is minute (both balls weigh 1.62 oz.), its effect is large, particularly on putting and driving: Palmer and Nicklaus averaged an extra 40 yds. on tee shots with the British ball, but Nicklaus had trouble controlling the extra-long drives.

† Rarely mastered by amateurs, the flat-faced No. 1 iron is often used for tee shots by pros when accuracy is more important than distance. Palmer hits a No. 1 iron about 250 yds. v. 280 with a driver.

gave him a six-stroke victory and clipped two strokes off the British Open record.

British sportswriters spent their superlatives. Pocketing a \$3,920 check that ran his unofficial 1962 winnings to \$75,034, Palmer said: "I'm just praying I can keep this up for another two weeks." Just ahead: the Professional Golfers' Association championship in Newtown Square, Pa., the only one of golf's four major tournaments that he has never won.

Who's on Third?

"Daddy, buy me a program. I can't tell the players."

"Everybody knows these players, son. This is the All-Star game. See that old fellow with the funny crouch? That's Stan Musial. The one with the frown is Roger Maris; the rightfielder with the limp is Mickey Mantle. And that fellow whose cap keeps falling off—that's Willie Mays. See how easy it is?"

"Daddy, who's on third?"

"Here's 50¢, son. Go buy a program."

The 45,480 fans shoehorned into Washington's brand-new stadium for last week's All-Star game could be pardoned for wondering who was on third; the Minnesota Twins' Rich Rollins was not even a big-league regular this time last year. But when American League players, managers and coaches cast their All-Star ballots for the 1962 games, they not only elected Third Baseman Rollins to the team, but they also gave the 24-year-old third baseman more votes (184 out of a possible 280) than any other player in the league, including Mantle and Maris.

"Everything Right." In the first of the two games last week, Rollins proved that he was worth the votes. He was the only American League standout in a contest that saw Willie Mays cover centerfield like a vacuum cleaner, Maury Wills steal everything except the scoreboard, the National League win 3-1. But in a losing



FRED KAPLAN
MINNESOTA'S ROLLINS AT WORK
On bowlegs and low pay.

cause, Rollins handled three hot shots to third flawlessly, and shut off a National League rally with a one-hand grab of Tommy Davis' ripping sixth-inning grounder. At bat, he was the only American Leaguer to reach base twice, scored his team's lone run. Said Rollins: "Maybe after you've been picked for the All-Star team five or six times, you can think you're pretty good. But a man in my position can't afford to think that way. I'm not a success yet."

Perhaps not quite yet, but at \$8,000 a year, Rollins is certainly the year's best bargain in baseball. He leads the American League in hits (108), ranks fourth in batting (.315), fourth in R.B.I.s (59), and his hot bat is the main reason why the Twins, seventh-place finishers last season, are basking in the American League's first division. "Even when the team is doing everything wrong," says Minnesota Manager Sam Mele, "Rich does everything right. He hits with one on, he hits with two on, and he hits with none on. With seven more like him, we might never lose a game."

Son of a Cleveland welder, Rollins was one of those college phenoms that the scouts all rush to see—and then dismiss. At Ohio's Kent State University, he flashed a .358 batting average in his senior year. But he was short, bowlegged and stubby-armed. Worse yet, he wore glasses to correct astigmatism in his right eye. Only the Twins were interested enough to make an offer. Two years ago, they signed him up for a paltry \$6,000 and shipped him off to the Wilson Tobs in the Class B Carolina League.

Relax and Enjoy. Studious and methodical, Rollins set out to learn the pro game by the numbers, jotting down everything—tips from players and coaches, comments on opposing pitchers, acid reminders of his weaknesses. Fellow players considered him something of a grind; he smoked a pipe, drank only beer, rarely went to the movies, read history books. But in his first year, he batted .341 in the minors, and last year he clipped off .294 in 13 games, after being called up to the parent club.

This spring he beat out five other candidates for the third-base job with the Twins. In his first ten ball games after the season's start, Rollins collected 18 base hits for a .486 average; a few weeks ago, he demolished the New York Yankees single-handed with a pair of home runs. Now that he has won All-Star honors in his first full year, Rich Rollins might be expected to relax and enjoy his stardom. But he still sits in the dugout, frowning through the glasses and writing notes on scraps of paper. "There's always somebody waiting to take your place," he says grimly. "Baseball is the most insecure profession I know."

Who Won

► California's Dan Gurney, 31, a star auto racer at home, but never before winner of a European Grand Prix race; the Grand Prix of France at Rouen, carefully nursing his German Porsche through the



DISMASTED "COLUMBIA"
Down but not out.

FUJISAKI NAKAJIMA

210½-mile race at a slow (relatively) but sure average speed of 101.9 m.p.h. while faster cars broke down and dropped out.

► Tennessee State's Wilma Rudolph Ward, lithe triple gold-medal winner at the 1960 Olympics; the 100-yd. dash at the women's National A.A.U. championships; in 10.8 sec., only .1 sec. off her own meet record.

All for Pride

It was like a tag-team fight. For two weeks on the fickle waters of Rhode Island Sound, the four best twelve-meter yachts in the U.S. had at each other in a series of two-boat races that went on through light winds and lashing gales. In not one of the dozen races did the sailors concede anything—except a generous serving of backwind. The only thing officially at stake was pride, but for pride's sake, U.S. deepwater sailors put on a display of tenacity and tactics that had not been seen in a seadog's age.

The boat that would defend the America's Cup against Australia's *Gretel* would not be picked until after next month's final elimination trials. But in the first "observation" trials, two boats came out clear-cut favorites: Ted Hood's buxom \$300,000 *Nefertiti*, the glamour boat of the warmup trials, with ten wins and only two defeats; and *Weatherly*, an also-ran in the 1958 cup trials, which finally found her speed with canny Skipper Bus Moshbacher (TIME, July 13) at the helm. Even *Nefertiti*'s butter-fingered crew could not seem to slow her down. In one race they fumbled a spinnaker overboard in their haste to get it flying, still breezed to victory. Only against *Weatherly* (seven wins, four losses) did *Nefertiti* run into heavy going. Twice, by crushing margins of more than four minutes, Bus Moshbacher took the measure of the Marblehead newcomer.

The hard-luck boat of the trials was Paul V. Shield's *Columbia*, the 1958 America's Cup champion, which managed to win only four races, suffered a crowning indignity when her 90-ft., extruded-

aluminum mast snapped during a race with *Nefertiti*, pitching two crewmen overboard and sending the heavy boom crashing down inches from the head of Designer Olin Stephens. But nobody counted *Columbia* out; many of her losses were by a margin of seconds. Even hapless *Easterner*, which won only one race, was not ready to quit, with Olympic Champion George O'Day at the helm and a full set of new sails in the offing.

On hand to watch it all were Sir Frank Packer's Australian spies, hovering around the fleet each day in their chartered motorboat. This month *Gretel* arrives to start her own trial series against *Vim*, her chartered workhorse, and the Aussies could be sure that Hood, Moshbacher & Co. would be around to observe the fun.

Who Lost

► Miami Sportsman Dick Bertram, whose V-hulled Moppies are among the fastest inboard pleasure craft ever built; the 240-mile Around Long Island Marathon. Hoping to add to his long string of racing successes (Moppies won the 1961 Marathon, the last three Miami-Nassau powerboat races), Bertram was shooting for a new Marathon record of 5 hr. 45 min. when one of his twin 310-h.p. MerCruiser outdrive engines failed halfway around. Eventual winner in the handicap race: August Nigel's 17-ft. outboard-powered runabout, at an average speed of 33 m.p.h. for the trip.

► Belgian Cyclist Rik Van Looy, haughty, hawk-nosed world road-racing champion; the rich Tour de France, which Van Looy—although competing for the first time—was the overwhelming favorite to win. After forcing a record pace for the first half of the 22-day, 2,656-mile grind, Van Looy was knocked out of the Tour when a close-crowding photographer's motorcycle struck a rock and catapulted into his bicycle, spilling the 28-year-old Belgian into the path of 19 other racers. Said a rival racer: "Whoever wins now, his victory won't be complete. He won't have beaten Van Looy."

Take a new look at light



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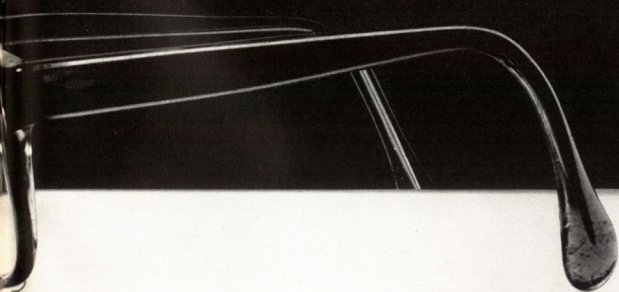
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Coming soon: space rockets 40 stories tall

It will take 20 million pounds of thrust to send the 3-man Apollo spacecraft on its way to the moon. But already there are plans to send much larger spacecraft to the planets and to put space platforms weighing hundreds of tons into orbit.

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LOCKHEED

U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Mild Stimulants

"Negative psychology seems to characterize the general mood," reported New York's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. in its latest monthly survey of business conditions, "and a peaking-out of business before the year's end is now being discussed as a distinct possibility" ("peaking out" is a positive-psychology way of saying "recession").

A growing list of unsettling economic indicators contributed to the negative thinking. Retail sales, off 1% in May, dropped another 2% in June—partly because of an unexpected fall in auto sales. Building permits for new housing, which rose last winter to foretell this spring's burst of construction activity, are now trailing off. Railroad carloadings—often considered a key index of business activity—ran below last year's levels for most of June, and railroadmen look for July's seasonal decline to be worse than usual. Manufacturers' new orders, which foreshadow how busy the nation's factories will be, rose .5% from April to May, but the rise was all in the soft-goods industries; orders for hard goods fell for the fourth straight month.

These bothersome figures put more pressure on the Administration for quick action across-the-board tax cuts. The Administration still had not committed itself on that. But last week Washington did respond with two milder stimulants: 1) a long-awaited speedup in depreciation write-offs of industrial plant and equipment; 2) lowering the cash margin required in buying stocks from 70% to 50%.

Neither move was done solely to improve current business conditions; depreciation revision has been in the works for more than two years, and the cut in stock margins was a natural response by the Federal Reserve Board to the decline in stock prices and to the conviction that inflation is no longer a danger. Neither action is likely to provide much immediate stimulus to business activity, but the long-run impact of both moves should be good, and in the short run they should help shore up public confidence.

Proper, but Innocuous

Trading on the New York Stock Exchange had closed down for the day of July 9, and in San Francisco, three time zones behind, the Pacific Coast Exchange had responded as usual by sinking into afternoon doldrums. Many brokers had left the floor and were just settling down to leisurely lunches in the dining room of the Merchants' Exchange Club when page boys began moving quickly from table to table whispering an urgent message: "The Federal Reserve Board has just cut the margin from 70% to 50%."

Throwing their napkins into the Crab Louis, or whatever else was before them, the San Francisco brokers rushed back to the exchange floor to handle the buy orders they knew would follow the news. In the 2½ hours of trading still left, A.T. & T., which had closed in New York at 108½, climbed to 110 in San Francisco, and General Electric (New York close: 63½) rose to 66.

Six out of Six. Next day the rally spread to New York: the Dow-Jones industrial average opened nearly 16 points above the previous day's close, and trading volume more than doubled to 7,120,000 shares. But by the end of the week, volume subsided to a modest 3,380,000 shares, and the Dow-Jones average settled back to 590.19, a gain of about 14 points for the week as a whole.

The week's gains were predictable. Six times since World War II the Federal Reserve Board has cut the margin requirement, and all six times there has been a sharp—but brief—upswing. Last week's rise was blunted, however, by professional traders, who seized the opportunity to sell off holdings they had been stuck with on Blue Monday. Such buying as the professionals did do was a highly selective search (see table) for strong profit potentials and intriguingly low price-earnings ratios.

Money & Desire. There were some who thought that in cutting the margins Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin had yielded to pressure from the Kennedy Administration and was trying to push stock prices back up. Actually, the Fed was only acting as it had in the past. The Fed was given the power to control margins in 1934 in order to prevent a repetition of 1929, when the crash was intensified by the vast number



SELECTIVE MARKET

Stock	1961-62 High	Close Blue Monday, May 28	Close Friday, July 13
BLUE CHIPS			
U. S. Steel	91¼	50¾	46¾
Du Pont	254¼	202½	180
Westinghouse	50	29	28¼
G. M.	58	48¾	49½
Beth. Steel	49¾	33¼	34¾
A. T. & T.	139¾	100¾	112¾
Standard (N.J.)	56¼	46	52¾
GROWTH			
Reynolds Tobacco	89¼	49	46
P. & G.	101½	70	68
Gen. Foods	107¼	73¼	73¼
Bristol-Myers	103½	73	73
I.B.M.	607	361	376¼
Pacific G. & E.	36¾	28	29¾
Xerox	171½	110¼	124½
GLAMOUR			
Polaroid	238½	123½	111
Texas Inst.	206¼	74¼	67¾
A. M. F.	63¾	20	23¼
Korvette	57	37½	43¾
Gr. West. Fin.	53	19¼	22
Magnavox	47¾	30½	33¼
Vendo	77¾	21½	26¾

of speculators operating largely on credit. So when stock prices soar and speculators' borrowing increases, the Reserve Board raises margins as a damper. Traditionally, when credit to securities buyers falls about 10%, the Fed interprets it as a sign that speculative pressure has ended and cuts margins. Currently, credit to securities buyers stands at \$5 billion—about 12% below the figure when the market started slipping from its alltime high last December; so, in the Fed's eyes, the time was ripe for a cut to what many brokers regard as the "normal" margin of 50%.

Presumably, both the Fed and the Administration are very aware that a margin cut does not by itself produce any sustained market advance. "People don't lack the money to buy stocks; they lack the desire," says Heinz Biel of Wall Street's Emanuel, Deetjen & Co. Many Wall Streeters, in fact, believe that most of last week's rally was just a continuation of one that started a week earlier, and they look for it to peter out somewhere

between 600 and 635 on the Dow-Jones average. The margin cut has done nothing to change their opinion. "It's a proper move, but innocuous," says Biel. "It doesn't do any harm; it doesn't do any good."

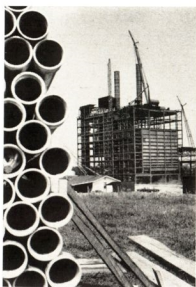
Overdue Reform

When the U.S. Treasury Department last week announced its speedup in depreciation write-offs, many of the headlines described it as a tax cut that would give U.S. business an extra \$1.5 billion to spend in 1962. Actually, the new revision of the familiar "Bulletin F," in 56 pages of technical language, represents a far more basic juggling of corporation tax loads.

Under federal tax law, any business can deduct the cost of its plant and equipment from its corporate income, and can do so in yearly installments extending over the "reasonable" life of the equipment, as determined by the Treasury taxmen. In theory a businessman is supposed to set aside the money he saves this way against the day when he has to replace the equipment. But it has been 20 years since the depreciation timetable had a thorough overhaul, and any businessman following the allowances set in 1942 would have found it almost impossible to hold back enough depreciation money to buy new equipment at today's much higher prices. Result: although taxmen have liberalized write-offs for individual companies on a piecemeal basis, too many U.S. companies still limp along with outdated machinery. Meanwhile, their European rivals, blessed by liberal depreciation allowances, surge ahead with modern plants as well as lower wages.

Top Priority. Anxious to make U.S. industry more competitive abroad, President Kennedy assigned top priority soon after he took office to the revision of depreciation timetables belatedly begun by the Treasury in 1960. The urgency was first applied to the hard-pressed textile industry, which last fall was allowed a whopping 42% cut in the life expectancy that the Treasury assigns to textile machinery, thereby allowing textile men to write off more of a machine's cost each year. Other businessmen did not generally expect such generous treatment as textiles got, but in the new schedules announced last week, a good many of them came off almost as well.

The biggest industry-wide speedup in write-offs went to wood products (38%), shipbuilding (37%), electrical equipment (33%), publishing (32%), and railroad equipment (25%). Another big gainer was the steel industry (22%)—which means that U.S. Steel will now get at least part of the cash for modernization that it failed to get in its ill-starred bid last April to raise prices. Instead of charging off a \$6,000,000 oxygen furnace over 23 years (at \$261,000 a year), steel companies will now be able to write it off in only 18 years (at \$333,000 a year). Since depreciation is always carried on company books as a business expense, faster write-offs will reduce declared corporate profits,



NEW GEORGIA POWER PLANT
Money tempered by caution.

but companies should have more money to spend.

Nothing Overnight. Though the intent is long range, Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon hopes to get some immediate stimulation of the U.S. economy from the new depreciation schedules. One of the reasons for the present economic sluggishness is U.S. industry's cautious spending on plant and equipment. Economists think that the nation should reinvest about 15% of its gross national product each year. So far this year, capital spending is about half that.

A few businessmen, among them Chairman Avery C. Adams of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp., reckoned on increased spending because of the new depreciation allowances. But most companies chose to wait until their accountants calculated just how the new rates would affect them. The prevailing attitude was that of Chairman George S. Dively of Cleveland's Harris-Intertype Corp., who said that even though the reforms "will tend to encourage capital spending, there will be nothing big overnight."

Certainly, textile makers have taken little advantage yet of the write-off they were allowed last fall. After all, a businessman's capital-spending plans finally depend on the demand for his products, and with the nation's industrial plants operating at an average of only 85% of capacity, many U.S. corporations are hesitant about plunging into any big new expansions.

PUBLIC POLICY

After the Octopus

For months Hollywood and Vine has buzzed with gossip of a really big show cranking up in the movie capital. Producer: the U.S. Justice Department, whose trustbusters have long been roaming the town like talent scouts interviewing actors, agents and executives. Reluc-

tant villain: the mammoth MCA Inc., which acts as agent for half or more of the U.S.'s top actors, is the nation's largest producer of filmed television shows, leases a library of old movies for late-night TV viewing, and last year grossed \$82.4 million. It would be an antitrust epic, and the story line would be that MCA, bossed by tough, taciturn Lew Wasserman, 49, blankets competition by packaging its own talent into its own shows, grabs off 25% of prime TV time by presenting the networks with an all-or-nothing proposition. And what better title than Hollywood's own name for MCA, *The Octopus*?

In a civil suit in Los Angeles federal court last week, the U.S. charged that the "predatory" activities of *The Octopus* violated the Celler-Kefauver anti-merger act. The charges noted that MCA recently acquired Decca Records, and, through Decca, control of Universal Pictures Co., Inc. MCA already owns Universal's lot, leases part of it back to the movie company for \$1,000,000 a year. Now, by taking over Universal itself, MCA might well be in a position to dominate the movies as it already dominates the canned-TV business.

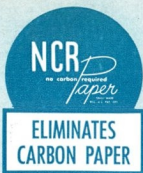
Aware that the feds were after it, MCA last week volunteered to dispose of its talent business, which represents such stars as Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren and Jimmy Stewart but accounted last year for only \$8,400,000, or about 10% of MCA's gross. The Justice Department wants much more than that. Convinced that MCA's divestiture plan would still leave the talent operation under the control of MCA executives, the Government demands that it be dissolved completely and the stars set free. The Justice Department also wants MCA's acquisition of Decca and Universal rescinded.

EXECUTIVES

The Cloistered Chief

From the days of Commodore Vanderbilt and J. P. Morgan through such recent victims as U.S. Steel's Roger Blough, many big businessmen have shown at crucial moments a surprising inability to influence—or even to gauge—the public mind. Last week another businessman, Clarence Randall, 71, retired chairman of Chicago's Inland Steel Co., offered his own explanation. Write Randall in the *New York Times Magazine*: "Responsibility breeds isolation . . . After an executive reaches the very top, he is seldom seen in public and seldom heard. He becomes a myth." The result is "that when the great storm comes, as it does sooner or later to every large corporation, and he is driven out into the turbulence of public opinion, he may not be ready to go on deck."

"As a youngster he lived in a suburb and rode the commuting trains . . . He rubbed elbows with a motley group of friends and neighbors and scrambled with them for a seat when the train came in . . . Public opinion flowed around him." But with success, writes Randall, "his schedule became so complex and the end



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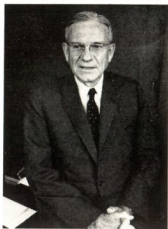
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STEELMAN RANDALL

of his day so unpredictable that a limousine and chauffeur became indispensable . . . Gone forever was the boisterous elbow-rubbing with friends who might hold contrary opinions."

Private Fish. The young executive who used to lunch in a neighborhood coffee shop advances to a private dining room or eats in a secluded club. When he becomes top brass, says Randall, he flies on executive airplanes, misses the conversation of a random seat mate. Even his recreation is isolated: "As chairman, his golf dates are rare, are always arranged in advance by his secretary, and the foursome is invariably selected from not over six possibilities. If duck shooting is his sport, he will be found at a small private club where no uncouth voice is heard; if it is fishing the lodge will be remote and the waters privately stocked and patrolled."

"None of this," writes Randall, "has come about because high office has made him snobbish or prestige-conscious. It stems naturally from the responsibility he bears, and the honest desire of those about him to protect him." Nonetheless, the man in the executive suite "seldom sees anyone except those who show him deference, and almost never those who talk back . . . Lacking time to read the newspapers thoroughly, he comes to rely upon digests prepared for him by his public relations staff, and unconsciously he is likely to absorb their opinions too."

Randall advises the business executive to unwind himself from his cocoon. He should make himself available to newsmen, "not just the grand interview at the time of the annual meeting, but continuously." When he has strong feelings on public affairs, he should bypass company lobbyists or trade organizations and make his personal views known directly to Congressmen or Cabinet officers. He should sneak frequently at colleges and universities, and subject himself to round tables where "questions will be searching but honest—the sort his staff will never ask."

The New Breed. Are Randall's fears real? Some businessmen think so. Says Union Tank Car President Edwin A. Locke Jr., "A sort of philosophy has grown up that an executive should have a clear desk and sit around and do nothing



EXECUTIVE LIMOUSINES IN NEW YORK
Caught in a cocoon.

but think. This is absolute nonsense." But there are others who think that Randall describes a passing generation of corporate leaders. Said William H. Rentschler, chairman of Chicago's Stevens Candy Kitchens: "The new breed is not that way. They take a much more active role in public life and are much more conversant with what's going on . . . There may be some businessmen who still sit in their paneled offices, but to say that this is typical shows that Randall is out of touch." Perhaps. But when a reporter last week sought to discuss the Randall piece with the chief executives of ten major U.S. corporations based in New York, all ten were "out of town," "tied up in a meeting," "on vacation" or "didn't care to comment."

HIGH FINANCE

The Quiet One

Seldom has a company boasted so many suitors in such quick succession as Celotex Corp., a Chicago manufacturer of building supplies. It was his ardent pursuit of Celotex that brought about the downfall of the "boy wonder" financier, Eddy Gilbert (TIME, June 22). No sooner had Gilbert fled to Brazil than a New York building materials firm named the Ruberoid Co. decided to make a try for Celotex. It offered to buy 350,000 Celotex shares at \$25 apiece—which was 8½ above Celotex's lowest price after the Blue Monday skid but 1½ below the 1962 high of 42½ that the stock hit during Gilbert's maneuvers last February. Last week cool, lanky James Willis Walter, 39, founder of Tampa, Fla.'s Jim Walter Corp.—which he has parlayed from a \$400 loan into the nation's biggest builder of shell houses—announced that he too had designs on Celotex. In a secrecy-shrouded maneuver that took barely ten days, Walter bought up more than 40% of Celotex's 1,028,000 shares at "about \$30 a share."

Lots of Assets. On the face of it, Celotex hardly seemed a prize catch. Its sales have been slipping steadily from their 1956 high of \$76.5 million, and for the first half of this year the company reported a \$1,200,000 loss. But Wall Street is convinced that Celotex's troubles are

largely the result of stodgy management—and Walter is anything but stodgy. With sales of skeleton shell houses (which the buyer finishes) slipping because of fierce price competition, Walter recently branched out into semiminished houses—which will provide a readymade market for Celotex insulation, gypsum board and roofing.

Celotex has other attractions, too. Explains a Celotex executive: "We have a lot of valuable assets which are carried on our balance sheet at a very nominal figure." Among them: 48.3% of the stock of New Orleans' South Coast Corp., which owns 89 square miles of Louisiana sugar land including 4,000 acres of potential industrial sites along the new Houma Canal to the Gulf of Mexico.

No Security. Jim Walter moved in at the right time. Fortnight ago, he secretly set three Wall Street firms to buying blocks of Celotex from holders who had been disillusioned when the Eddy Gilbert scandal sent Celotex prices tumbling. Then, after winging off to Chicago to tell Celotex directors of his plan, he arranged a surprising piece of financing. Largely on the strength of a spotless credit record established by huge borrowings to finance his home buyers, Walter persuaded a syndicate headed by New York's First National City Bank to give him a long-term, unsecured loan of \$10 million.

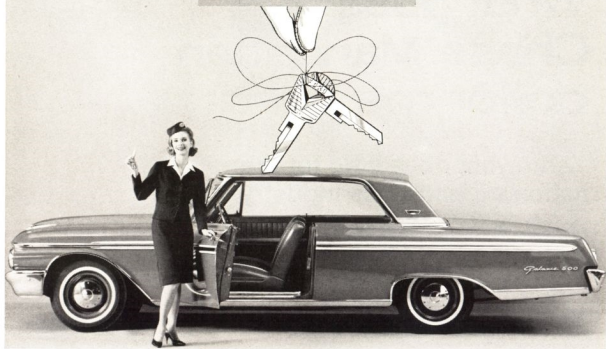
Only when the price of Celotex began moving up last week did Wall Street generally guess what was afoot. By week's end, Celotex shares had risen from a 1962 low of 16½ to 26½, leaving Ruberoid's \$25 offer behind. Jim Walter seemed well on the way to his avowed purpose of getting 51% of Celotex. Which only goes to show once again that when it comes to courting, it's the quiet ones you've got to watch.



BUILDER WALTER
Courting on the sly.

BOB FELLOWS

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WORLD BUSINESS

THE WORLD ECONOMY The New Phase

"We have entered into a new phase of the postwar development," said West Germany's Federal Bank President Karl Blessing last week: "It is marked by the end of creeping inflation in the U.S. and reduced growth in Europe."

Though non-Communist Asia and Europe are still expanding economically, they are doing so far more slowly than a few years ago. Last week the Common Market Commission reported a still further "tendency for expansion to slow down" among the Six. The free world lag, says top Japanese Economist Ryokichi Minobe, "is not so much a slowdown of a recession nature, but a forced adjustment back

confidence in the dollar. "The world's currency difficulties are now exerting a clear deflationary influence on the world economy," says the *Economist*, which finds the situation uncomfortably reminiscent of 1929.

Control Mechanism. Most other bankers and businessmen seem less alarmed than the British. A world depression, argues the Indian economist T. T. Krishnamachari, a minister without portfolio in Nehru's cabinet, while possible, is most unlikely. Says Krishnamachari: "I think the world has developed techniques of meeting such things better than it did in the 1930s."

These techniques range from exchange stabilization arrangements between individual countries to the close cooperation

anxiously for other agricultural customers. And its eye has lit on Red China, whose own monumental crop failures have forced it to buy grain abroad. During the past two years, with the purchase of \$180 million worth of Australian wheat, barley, oats and flour, Red China has become Australia's fourth biggest export market (after Great Britain, Japan and the U.S.).

This year Australia has a bumper wheat crop estimated at 300 million bu. ready for harvesting, and is eager to sell more to Peking. The Hong Kong business community is full of reports that the Australians will offer more liberal credit terms to the Chinese Reds in the hope of undercutting the Canadians, who last year sold \$120 million worth of grain to Peking.

So far, Peking has paid for its grain in sterling, and Australia has bought relatively few Chinese products in return. B. F. Hsu, chief of the Red Chinese trade mission currently in Australia, wants to change all that. "We have helped Australia a lot by taking your grain," says Hsu. "Now we want you to import our textiles, minerals and toys."

Hsu may yet get his way. Though Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies' government refuses diplomatic recognition to Red China, it discreetly shuts its eyes to whatever deals are worked out by Australia's quasi-official commodity boards. In Melbourne last week, delegates to a farmers' and ranchers' convention resoundingly voted down a resolution condemning trade with Peking. Cried one delegate: "A fed Red is less dangerous to the free world than a starved one."

Living with the Quota

Last March, when the U.S. slapped drastic new quotas on its imports of cotton textiles, Hong Kong's burgeoning textile industry suffered a severe case of the shudders. Among the hardest hit was C.C. (for Chen Che) Lee, 51, the shrewd, Shanghai-born entrepreneur who built Hong Kong's first postwar textile mill. As the Crown Colony's biggest producer of finished cotton garments, Lee had been selling up to a million dollars' worth of garments a month in the U.S. Lee had to do something fast or his profit margin would be wiped out.

He found a fellow sufferer in the venerable British trading firm of Jardine, Matheson, whose three-year-old dyeing and finishing plant had been losing money steadily. Fortnight ago, using his own South China Textiles Co. as a base, Lee put together six smaller mills and the Jardine plant to form Textile Alliance Ltd. In tribute to Lee's managerial talents, proud Jardine became a junior partner in the new enterprise, gave C.C. the chief executive's chair. Says Lee, who is shooting to increase his exports to the Common Market: "The merger should increase our efficiency 10% to 15%, and by July of next year we expect to be making 10% on our investment."



KRISHNAMACHARI



BLESSING

Slower—but perhaps healthier.



JACOBSSON

to more normal, healthy rates." All over the world this forced adjustment shows itself in softer demand and sharper competition, in that old profit-price squeeze and nervous stock markets.

Wonderland Economics. The general slowdown is making for some unfamiliar strains in the payments balances of many countries. Europe's huge hoard of gold and dollar reserves is dropping. West Germany recently moved from a fat surplus to a small deficit in international payments, and the surpluses of Belgium and Switzerland are declining. And in a time when everyone talks of expanding markets, Japan has clamped on import controls and Canada has raised many of its tariffs from 5% to 15% in an attempt to bolster its sagging dollar. It seemed that almost all countries were attempting to improve their trade balances and reserves at the same time.

If they all try simultaneously to boost their exports and cut down their imports, agreed the latest Bank of England bulletin, then "industrial growth both here and abroad could be retarded." The British are also jumpy about U.S. talk of a coming recession, and some English bankers think that the Kennedy Administration may help bring one on by the anti-inflationary policies that it is using to stop the U.S. gold outflow and shore up

of the European central bankers. In the past few weeks the central bankers have helped cool speculative fever on the London gold market by injecting fresh gold from central reserves whenever the price of gold showed signs of going too high. Most important of all the control mechanisms is the 17-year-old Washington-based International Monetary Fund, whose 76 member nations are now raising its resources to \$21 billion. It is the proud boast of the I.M.F.'s Swedish managing director, Per Jacobsson, that when the Canadian dollar crisis grew acute, the Fund "provided one billion dollars for the Canadian government within four to five days." Should the U.S. dollar begin to quake—an event that Jacobsson believes has grown far less likely in the past year—the I.M.F. stands ready to shore it up with loans of more than \$4 billion.

ASIA

A Fed Red Is Safer?

Since Australia was settled 180 years ago, the mainstay of its economy has always been British purchases of Australian wheat and wool. Now, with Britain dickering for membership in the Common Market and the whole system of Commonwealth tariff preferences threatened with extinction, Australia is looking around

BRITAIN

Friendly Sea Serpents

Since history first took notice of them 2,500 years ago, the inhabitants of the sun-scorched Cyclades Islands off Greece have led a parched existence. This summer some of the Cyclades are looking positively green. On the island of Hydra a resort hotel that closed two years ago because tourists got tired of going bathless has now reopened with baths aplenty. Water, which once cost \$1.40 a ton in the Cyclades, is now selling for 40¢ a ton.

The Cyclades owe their new verdant look to a fleet of water-carrying Dracones—huge, sausage-shaped bags of rubber-covered nylon, which are towed over to the islands daily from the Greek mainland. The Dracone—which gets its name from the Greek word for serpent—was conceived during the 1956 Suez crisis by British Engineer William Rede Hawthorne, 49. Seeking a quick way to build up Western Europe's oil-hauling capacity, Hawthorne began experimenting in a wave tank with sausage skins filled with alcohol. But soon there was a glut of oil tankers—and European refineries had no more need for sausage barges. Hawthorne began to think of using them with other loads in remote places. Dracones are cheap (from \$12,600 to \$63,000), can be towed easily by small boats, and do not need fancy dock facilities. And once its cargo has been drained off, a Dracone can either be inflated with air for the return tow or rolled up and carried home on the deck of the towing vessel.

Hawthorne's business has now expanded to fancy London offices across the street from the Bank of England. So far, the company has sold 40 Dracones worth over \$500,000 for use in hauling oil or water to isolated communities from Canada to Indonesia. Late this month a 1,000-ton Dracone, the largest yet, will go into service on the Cyclades run, raising the hauling capacity of the Cyclades fleet to 815,500 gallons of water a day.



DRACONE MAKING DELIVERY
After 2,500 years without water.



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When necessary, six years for a sales pitch.

SCANDINAVIA

The Sure Thing

To Americans, the telephone business is synonymous with A. T. & T. But in a score of other nations, those who want to buy anything from an office intercom system to a complete telephone exchange are likely to think first of Sweden's L. M. Ericsson Telephone Co. Last week Ericsson engineers were installing new telephone networks from Egypt to Iceland, and in Stockholm, company officials jubilantly announced a \$20 million sale of automatic switching equipment to neighboring Denmark.

Ericsson has a long way to go before it catches up with A. T. & T.; its total assets (\$316 million) are smaller than A. T. & T.'s profits (\$358 million) for the second quarter of this year. But with the aid of a globe-girdling complex of 72 subsidiaries and associated companies, Ericsson last year increased its sales by 13% and its profits to \$8,700,000.

Swindler's Sellout. Founded by Swedish Tinkerer Lars Magnus Ericsson 86 years ago, Ericsson Telephone has had a troubled history: Super-Swindler Ivar Krueger, who got control of the company in the late 1920s, sold off his interest in 1931 to Ericsson's archival, the U.S.'s International Telephone & Telegraph Co. This evoked patriotic outcries in Sweden and led to the intervention of the brothers Marcus and Jacob Wallenberg, who between them head the boards of 24 Swedish companies with combined sales of \$1.6 billion. Aided by a law that prohibits foreign control of Swedish firms, Marcus Wallenberg, 62, stepped in as Ericsson's chairman and fended off I. T. & T., so successfully that the U.S. company finally sold all its Ericsson stock two years ago.

Shrewd Banker Wallenberg, however, has restricted himself to overseeing Ericsson's finances. To handle company opera-

tions, he brought in as president Sven Ture Aberg, 58, an imperturbable electrical engineer who negotiates with uncommon skill in five languages (Swedish, English, Spanish, French and German).

National Duty. Sven Aberg has "undiversified" Ericsson by selling off most of the telephone operating companies it once owned overseas. "Foreigners never get a fair return from the rate setters," he shrugs. Instead, he has concentrated on expanding Ericsson's equipment sales abroad. "For a company in a small country which depends on exports," he says, "this is a national duty."

Aberg attributes Ericsson's success abroad to "good products and long patience." Ericsson's laboratories are famed for their imaginative designs—among them the "thinking" switchboard (which automatically repeats a call a little later if the first try gets a busy signal) and the Ericofon, a telephone that has earpiece, mouthpiece and dial all in one unit. Ericsson's salesmen have spent as long as six years in a new country making their pitch and landing their first contract. Each year the company brings nearly 100 foreign engineers to Stockholm to train them in the use of Ericsson equipment.

Since 1951, Ericsson has operated a U.S. subsidiary—the North Electric Co. of Galion, Ohio, which supplies many of the 4,000 small independent telephone companies in the U.S. and last year had sales of \$35.9 million. But Aberg sees little hope of significantly expanding sales in the U.S., which already leads the world in number of telephones (40.8 per 100 inhabitants). His real hope is Western Europe, which, if it were to match the U.S. in phones per capita, could absorb 140 million more of them. Ericsson already has plants in three of the six Common Market nations. By Aberg's reckoning, a phone-packed Western Europe is "a sure thing in the long run."

THE PRESS

Year of the Tiger

Promising stockholders, advertisers and readers a "new era," the Curtis Publishing Co. last week elected Adman Matthew J. Culligan its new president. Within hours, Culligan was issuing snappy bulletins from the executive suite, and Curtis had a brash new tone of voice. After weeks of rumor, Culligan's appointment to the job (TIME, July 6) was no surprise; it came as an unmistakable acknowledgment of Curtis' need for a new and nourishing rapport with Madison Avenue.

"I'm a burden bearer," said Culligan last week. "People who know me say I have a career death wish. They say I'm psychotic." At 44, Culligan has seldom spent more than two years at any job, but his résumé is impressive all the same: time and again he has breezed through energetic sales campaigns that have brought anemic magazines and television programs safely into the black. In 15 years on the Madison Avenue beat (with Hearst, NBC and, most recently, Interpublic, Inc., par-

four magazines \$9,200,000 in revenue compared with the same period last year.

Culligan dismisses the company's financial plight with a wave of the hand: "Bankers love people who say, 'I'll double my profits next year.'" Already he has mapped out "national blitz-selling" campaigns, a "multilevel selling program," and a pride of new "inside" efficiencies. Culligan is confident that two heads will serve Curtis better than one, and for "inside man" he has chosen Vice President Clay Blair, 37, former *Post* managing editor. "It's a two-man job," he says, "as long as it's clear who's running the show." Soon he will embark on a five-week barnstorming tour of the U.S. to see the "heads of 75 companies, the top 30 ad agencies, bankers, securities analysts."

Culligan's appointment was greeted with general good will. The New York *Herald Tribune* wished him luck in an editorial, and the Associated Press called him "dynamic and picturesque." Said his predecessor, ex-President Robert E. MacNeal: "Don't worry about me, worry about my company." But Culligan was not about to worry. His long-term \$120,000-a-year contract is rich with fringe benefits and he pronounces himself ready to work for every penny. "One of the legendary things they say about me is this capacity for work I have," he said. "If I work 18 hours a day, the others will work 14—you know how it is. Flaming leadership, that's what's really needed." With such talk in the air, Curtis could rest assured that even if Culligan does not succeed in bringing in a new era, he at least guarantees an exciting year of the tiger.



CURTIS' CULLIGAN
"They say I'm psychotic."

ent corporation of McCann, Erickson), New York-born Culligan has acquired an unshakable reputation as "a tiger of a salesman" and a gifted executive.

Curtis lost \$4,727,000 in the year's first quarter. In the year's first half, reported the Magazine Publishers Association last week, advertising in *The Saturday Evening Post* fell 200 pages, a drop of 10% from last year. *Holiday* fell 5%, *Ladies' Home Journal* 17%, and *American Home* 6%. The total advertising loss cost the

While the association's list of weeklies did not show any significant change in the average number of advertising pages, it showed an average 2% gain from ad revenue. Monthlies showed a 2% gain in ad pages and a 15% gain in revenue.

NBC's Huntley and Brinkley, CBS's Charles Collingwood, ABC Commentator Howard K. Smith and even silenced Jack Paar as antagonists of free enterprise. Advertising dollars spent on such people and publications, he warned, do more harm than if business simply "paid all these millions of dollars right into the Communist Party."

And how might business set its conscience straight? "The influential conservative New York papers, the *Herald Trib-*



THE "TRIB'S" ROGERS
"What do I know about it?"

une and the *World-Telegram* and *Sun* get very sparse pickings indeed from the American business community which they support so effectively in their editorial policies." Rogers argued. "Is it so foolish to put your money into the hands of your friends rather than your enemies?"

False Notions. Last week editorial snipers began zeroing in on Rogers from all sides. The *World-Telegram* ran an editorial, "We'd Like the Ads. But . . ." that pointed out the obvious: advertising comes to the paper with readership and readership comes to the paper that does its job. Even Senator Goldwater chastened Rogers for his peculiar notions. "I know a little more about newspaper advertising than he does because I've been buying it for years," Goldwater said. "You buy where the market is."

Nor were Rogers' *Herald Trib* bosses pleased with his performance. He had not been sent to the Roundtable to peddle ads; his ideas, the *Trib* hastened to add, were strictly his own. The *Trib* was particularly annoyed at being pictured as the Poor Little Match Girl of New York journalism by its own financial editor: "Last month was our biggest June yet," said Editor John Denson. In an editorial page box, which complained that the *Times* had struck a low blow merely by printing most of Rogers' now on-the-record speech, the *Trib* was moved to brief apology. "We can only say that we are sorry."

So was the talkative Rogers, who by then was surely wondering whether he

Who the Hell Am I?

You are voluntarily paying hundreds of millions of dollars in support of your most vicious and most effective enemies. If I were a top executive of a company, I would quietly lay down the policy that prohibited advertising in any publication or upon any TV show which had a predominantly Leftish tinge to it.

—Financial Editor Donald I. Rogers

The speech was "off the record," but Senator Barry Goldwater got hold of a copy and liked it so much that fortnight ago he read it into the *Congressional Record*. "Thought-provoking," the Arizona Republican told his colleagues, and indeed it was; this was New York *Herald Tribune* Financial Editor Donald I. Rogers scolding businessmen for advertising in such "liberal" publications as the New York *Times*.

Sparse Pickings. Rogers had spelled out his private opinions for the Washington Roundtable (a group of tory executives) last May. But once his off-the-record remarks were read into the *Record*, they became a very public affair. Besides the *Times*, Rogers fingered several other publications as sworn enemies of business. The major culprits: the Washington *Post*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, *TIME* and *Newsweek*. On television, Rogers named



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"The news, like a great river, gathers its unity and strength and direction from the tributaries of seemingly separate events. It is TIME's weekly purpose not only to follow those tributaries from their sources in the past, but to show and give their meaning at their confluence in contemporary history..."

from **TIME** Publisher's Letter

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch - Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain - without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Most amazing of all - results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

was still working. "Who the hell am I?" he protested. "Just a voter and not even a registered one. What do I know about it? Perhaps I didn't explain myself well. I even like Collingwood. I've dropped him some fan mail."

Acid & Ink

The free home delivery offered by the *Leftmost Journal* is hardly a bargain. All who read the paper live within the walls of the Missouri State Prison at Jefferson City, where the *Journal* is printed by its inmate staff. The *Journal's* policy is to look for the silver lining: it reports the bleak news of prison life in the brightest voice it can muster, and it encourages prisoners to work toward rehabilitation. But most *Journal* readers share a common misery that goes untouched by such institutional cheer. Lately they have found a wry spokesman in the *Journal's* superb cartoonist, Prisoner 60652, Sammy Reese, murderer of two.

Reese's cartoons are a mixture of ink and acid. "You live your life sentence. I'll live mine," one Reese convict growls at another over mess-hall coffee. Says a guard to a prisoner in solitary on bread and water: "White or rye?" Says an inmate to a guard: "Let's get one thing straight, McPherson: I live here, you just work here." Occasionally Reese slips into macabre, sick-style prison humor: "Ain't I a pain in the neck?" says the hangman to the condemned. But some of his cartoons rise to a choking pitch of bitterness, a stifled scream: "You with the dignity," a guard shouts at a curiously proud marcher in a gang of grey. "Get back in line."

Forgotten Interest. Reese was only 19 and only four months married when he killed his first man, a clerk in a liquor store he was trying to rob. Only six months before, he had been released from the reformatory after serving time for two earlier holdups. A month after his first murder, he killed a night clerk while robbing a hotel. After a fierce gun battle with St. Louis police, he was arrested.

tried, convicted of both murders and sentenced to death. The prosecutor called him "the most cold-blooded murderer I've ever seen."

Reese won a new trial and was sentenced to two consecutive life terms plus 75 years. During his stay in jail, he rediscovered a forgotten interest in art, and, encouraged by Hoodlum Priest Dismas Clark (TIME, March 3, 1961) and St. Louis Judge David FitzGibbon, studied painting and drawing. Once in prison, he organized art classes. Soon Reese and his students were exhibiting (and winning prizes) in outside art shows. When cramped quarters caused the classes to be stopped, Reese asked for a few months in solitary confinement. In the company of his own thoughts, Reese became a cartoonist.

Grimming Wryly. "It's a matter of mood with me," Reese says. "Sometimes I'll work right through the night in my cell." When he works all night, Reese sits Buddha-fashion on his cot and draws by the light that shines-in through the bars from the guards' catwalk. In the language of self-study prisoners soon learn, Reese explains himself: "This is a catharsis for me in a sense. I was a little rough at first, but now I've toned down a little. The cartoons are more subtle, or maybe I'm growing up a little more in my ideas." As a souvenir from his troubled past, Reese is still unstable, often rips up hundreds of cartoons in an explosion of anger.

But his work has won the attention of his professional hero, Bill Mauldin, whom he met through correspondence when Mauldin was on the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. "It's genuine," Mauldin says of Reese's work, "good irony. He's shrugging off prison life, grinning wryly about it. The cartoons aren't polished or professional, but they're strong; they tell the story."

Equally important to Reese is another artistic success: five of his paintings now hang in the chambers of Judge FitzGibbon, who was among the first to find something worth saving in a man condemned to die.



"Star light, star bright, first star . . ."

PRISON HUMOR BY SAMMY REESE

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Collision.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	30% reduction
Comprehensive.....	No reduction or increase.....	30% reduction
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Occupation (Rank if on active duty) _____ Age _____
Is car principally kept on a farm or ranch? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Location of car if not at above address _____

Year	Make	Model	# Cyl.	Body Style	Purchase Date	<input type="checkbox"/> New <input type="checkbox"/> Used
Mo.					Mo.	Yr.

My present policy expires Mo. _____ Yr. _____

Days per week auto driven to work? _____ One way distance is _____
Is car used in business other than to or from work? ☐ Yes ☐ No

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Age	Relation	Married or Single	% of Use
			%
			%

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CINEMA

Solitary Rebel

Bird Man of Alcatraz. During a span of 43 years, Robert F. Stroud became a renowned authority on the diseases of birds, and produced an exhaustive book on the subject. He also wrote a mammoth study of the federal penal system. He did both while serving the longest term in solitary confinement in U.S. prison history at Leavenworth and Alcatraz, as the convicted murderer of two men.

The strange case of Robert Stroud has been fashioned into an absorbing film



WALTER GRANT

LANCASTER IN "BIRD MAN"

Calm and powerful.

that is deceptively calm and emotionally powerful. Burt Lancaster plays the bird man with a firm restraint that never conceals a deep-felt conviction that Stroud should not be in stir at all. Inevitably, this is Stroud's side of the case, as originally unearthed by Social Worker Thomas E. Gaddis in his 1955 book, *Bird Man of Alcatraz*. Fact is, Stroud, off-screen, was a stiff-necked, arrogant, impatient man and at least initially a homicidal threat to society. Like Caryl Chessman, he had just enough brilliance and flair for publicity to amass widespread public sympathy for his cause.

The position of the Federal Bureau of Prisons is masked in the silence of periodic reviews of the case and a persistent refusal to parole Stroud, despite decades of "good behavior." Stroud killed his first man in Alaska in a fight over a prostitute. The picture begins when he kills his second, a prison guard who aroused Stroud's ire in the crowded mess hall at Leavenworth. His mother goes all the way to President Woodrow Wilson to win a commutation of the death sentence to life imprisonment.

Then begins the soulless parade of empty months. One day, as Stroud paces around the prison yard in a scene so desolately forlorn that Dante might have pictured it as another circle of Hell, a cloudburst drops a baby sparrow at his feet. Stroud carries it to his cell, cradles it in a sock, nourishes it on ground-up cockroaches. Relatives of other prisoners start sending them canaries. Soon the entire isolation block is trilling, and convicts who get bored with their pets give them to Stroud to keep. With painstaking perfectionism, he fashions cages out of packing crates. A septic fever epidemic decimates his aviary. He pores over biology books, concocts trial-and-error medicines until he discovers a cure. With the help of a bird-loving widow (Betty Field), he markets the medicines.

Then a prison fiat says: no more pets. The resourceful Stroud discovers a legal loophole that permits him to marry the widow while still in prison. This touches off a byplay with public opinion to enable him to keep his birds. But not for long. With no explanation whatsoever, Stroud is abruptly transferred by prison authorities to Alcatraz.

Whatever the merits of the bird man's case (at 73, he now is confined at the federal prison hospital in Springfield, Mo.), *Bird Man of Alcatraz* is an impressive movie. Director John Frankenheimer makes graphic the crushing sterility and despair of prison existence, the way the pent-up longing for life and freedom fastens touchingly on tiny things. As an infant canary kicks and squirms its way out of its natal shell, the owner-inmate lights up a cigarette butt, as a proud father would a cigar.

The entire cast of *Bird Man* is superb, especially Neville Brand as a soft-spoken prison guard and Telly Savalas as Stroud's humorous cell neighbor, both of whom break through the bird man's embittered aloofness to show him that the community of man is not all enemy country. The film's overall indictment is of the penal system as a profoundly damning instrument of society. *Bird Man of Alcatraz* argues forcefully and with eloquence that the destruction of individual dignity, the reduction of a human soul to a numbered automaton, is as great a crime as any for which men are jailed.

Too Many Trombones

The Music Man is overacted, overcute, overloud and overlong. In this movie, a parade is not just a parade; it resembles the massed phalanxes that troop past the Communist bigwigs in Red Square, with zest and joy beaming from every brain-washed face. A song is not just a song; thanks to a noisy collection of 211 instruments, among them trombones, double bell euphoniums, bassoons, and glockenspiels, *Music Man* is a hard-sell blast aimed at the eardrums of a new breed, presumably stereophonic man. Like many

a cinemusical extravaganza, *Music Man* operates on the principle that an audience that is hit hard enough, often enough, can be reduced to a pulp of pleasure.

The film is as faithful as a slave to Meredith Willson's Broadway hit musical. Indeed, at one point a theater spotlight is used to light up the hero and his girl, with the rest of the screen in darkness. The hero is Professor Harold Hill (Robert Preston), a 1912 con man in the corn-belt town of River City, Iowa. Preston's tactic is to whip up enthusiasm in small towns for starting a brass band, sucker parents into buying the instruments and uniforms, and then skip out without teaching the young Sousaphiles a note. Preston is a musical illiterate but a one-man school of charm. As the music money pours in, he collects romantic interest from the town librarian (Shirley Jones), who is suspicious but susceptible. Inevitably, the love of this well-bodied bookmarm turns Preston into a pie-eyed piper.

With this spindle-thin plot, *Music Man* needs every available prop of period nostalgia, from Fourth of July fireworks to Wells Fargo wagons. The trouble is that the movie wobbles continually between sentiment, satire and satiety; one barber-shop-quartet number is a treat; half a



ST. FRIEDMAN

PRESTON IN "MUSIC MAN"

Overloud, overcute, partially fine.

dozen are a trial, Robert Preston nonetheless puts enough showmanly sizzle into a revival-styled pitch called *Trouble* and the celebrated *Seventy-Six Trombones* to make at least part of the 2½ hours roll by like enchanted minutes. *The Music Man* is only funny by fidgets, but lip-curling Hermione Gingold, looking like Nero somewhat past his prime, does small comic wonders in the role of a born vulgar-garian with cultural longings, and the mayor of River City, Paul Ford, runs amusingly off at the mouth as a kind of Mr. Malaprop.

BOOKS

Potato People

THE WEST WIND (256 pp.)—Faith Baldwin—Holt, Rinehart & Winston (\$3.95).

Their names, if they were married, were Peg and Tom, Jane and Bill, Jeremy and Jennifer. Single men were always called Brick or Brock or Bruce. Unmarried girls needed a gallant name; it was usually Helen. They lived in a smallish, unidentified city in an immemorial Indiana. The men spoke to each other in a language called kidding ("You old son of a gun"), and the women talked somberly about "our marriage" as if marriage were a large, fragile china object one kept in the front hall. They led decent, busy lives, and the worst sinners among them were those men (never women) who admitted, grinning roguishly, that they went to church only three times a year.

They were, of course, the characters whose happy problems and placid turmoil filled six-part serials during the great days of the women's magazines. Their most important characteristic was, as the millions of matron readers knew, and as the writers and editors knew they knew, that the problems and turmoil did not really matter. If you cut into a Brick or a Jeremy (and there was constant cutting; men and children in the serials were fatally susceptible to plot-advancing ailments), you found only a dense, featureless white substance, like the inside of a potato. Spinal meningitis did not really hurt the potato husbands who incurred it, but it gave the overworked young potato doctor (generally called Hank, sometimes Mike) a chance to say, wearily, brushing a shock of coal-black hair from his eyes, that he was sorry, he had done all he could do.

Trouble Ahead. Bound in hard covers, the potato serials formed a vast sub-literature whose authors typed fast, grew rich, and pretended to be wistful about critical neglect. Among the fastest and richest was Faith Baldwin, whose income reached six figures a year during the '30s and '40s, and who has written, under her own name and pseudonyms, at least 100 books Edmund Wilson has never heard of. Editors loved her because she was dependable and fast. Once, with no perceptible quickening in pace, she clicked off a 12,000-word novella during a four-day coast-to-coast train ride. "Sometimes," she admits, "the stories didn't come out very dimensional."

But two dimensions were enough, and for Author Baldwin's aging but still faithful audience, they still are. Now, a wispy woman of 68 with a warm, friendly, electrically operated glint to her eye, she limits herself to 6,000 to 8,000 words a day. She does a monthly "inspirational" column for *Woman's Day* and one book a year. The women's magazines are declining, and the days of fat prices for serials are over, but the Baldwin prose

still reads the same. The married pair in *The West Wind* are pretty Meg and darkly attractive Davy. He is a successful, 38-year-old sales manager with a fine dog and unfailing friends, but he and Meg have no children—an unvarying sign that trouble is ahead.

Weather from the West. The trouble comes; Davy, fallible though darkly attractive male that he is, commits casual adultery. His conscience is lacerated, and his minister advises him to tell all: "Your



FAITH BALDWIN
Two dimensions are enough.

wife will be deeply hurt, and this you must face. But you will have shared."

Pretty Meg, as it turns out, forgives but does not understand. Davy understands her forgiving but cannot forgive her not understanding. The dog senses the rift between them, and for a while things look black indeed. But at the last possible moment, there is a meteorological bulletin: "The wind had changed; cool and freshening, it was blowing from the West." This is an unvarying sign that trouble is behind. So are another 60,000 words. "Come back to bed, darling," says Davy kindly (and with just the hint of spice that potato readers like). "You must get some sleep."

The Neo-Realists

In Paris, a city old and rich in passing fancies, all it takes to plan a literary revolt is three disappointed writers and a sidewalk café. Most such uprisings are dissipated after the second *apéritif*, leaving nothing behind but the smile on the

face of the waiter. Yet literary groups—if they persist long enough to draw serious attention—are occasionally to be reckoned with. Between about 1880 and 1895, for instance, the Symbolists, led by Mallarmé, reshaped the tone and temper of poetry, both English and French. In more recent times the Existentialists, though they produced no technical inventions, succeeded in making despair popular.

Now there are the Neo-Realists. They are unlikely to be as great an influence on the novel as the Symbolists were on poetry, but for more than five years they have been stirring excitement, adulation, outrage and despair. Admirers hail them as bold innovators who are breaking ground for the fiction of the future. Alarmists warn that if Gallic logic is pursued to its usual extreme, Neo-Realists' views and practices may lead the novel to wither away entirely.

Plots v. Things. At first glance it is hard to see what all the fuss is about. The man who has done most to provoke it is Alain Robbe-Grillet. Today's novel, he insists, must not concern itself with plot, character, symbol, metaphor or message. Instead, it must deal with things—i.e., objects—and Robbe-Grillet has brought out four books that pretend to do just that. Grouped more or less willingly around him are about a dozen writers, of whom the most celebrated are Nathalie Sarraute (*Portrait of a Man Unknown*) and Michel Butor (*A Change of Heart*).

There is an element of timeliness in their revolution. Rarely before has a collection of serious writers experimented with the novel at precisely the time when the novel stands in need of revision. The Neo-Realists are in full rebellion against the weighty social comment, the accumulated enunciations of "eternal verities," the resounding statements about love and death and human commitment which, over recent decades, have been used to make the traditional novel seem more meaningful.

"The world is neither significant nor absurd," Robbe-Grillet says. "It simply is." No novelist can now add anything new to the understanding of today's world as a whole, or man's place in it. Instead, it is the event itself that the novelist wants to convey, not its meaning; human gestures—not the motive behind them, the actual state of mind of an individual, the exact curve of a particular experience, the exact look of a room, a painting, a city. Plot is a diversion. People are so used to wondering who gets the girl that they do not see the girl as girl at all. Themes and symbols are also suspect. Even the intricacies of the human consciousness as explored and exploited by the Freudian novel have gone stale as readers have become sophisticated.

The Cult of Chosisme. To re-educate the reflexes and the expectations of readers, Robbe-Grillet has established a writing credo which has been called *chosisme* ("thinginess"). In extreme moments, thinginess runs to steady repetition of precise, often geometrical descriptions—

THE
TWO
THINGS
MOST
PEOPLE
IN
BUFFALO
AGREE
ON



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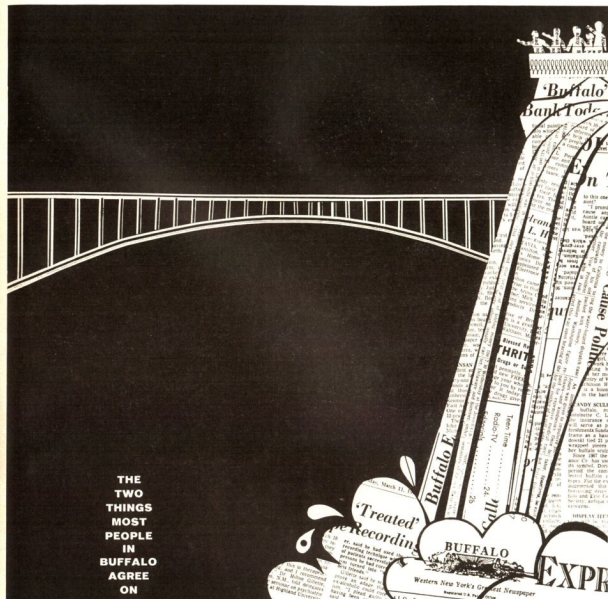
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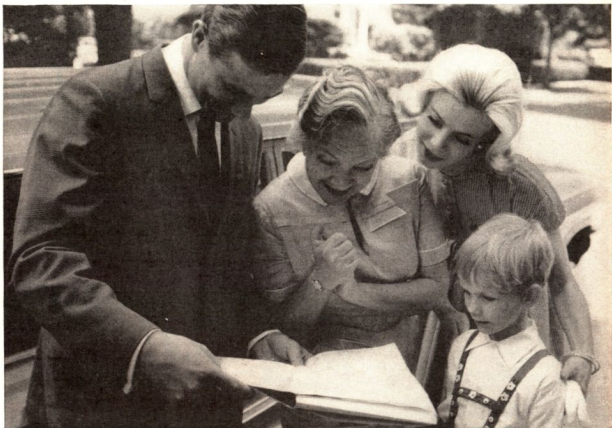
PARADE



Helen Hayes has some hints on helping overseas visitors feel at home

Help with directions

I've stayed in practically every city in America, yet I often have to ask directions. So imagine the difficulty our guests will have as they travel here. Be as helpful as you can. If you don't know the answer, find somebody who does.



Local customs

Visitors passing through your town need to know things about our stores—how and when we shop. Tell them, too, about traffic and parking regulations, opening and closing hours at museums and near-by recreation areas.



Transportation

It's surprising how visitors appreciate your words of advice—on where to get a taxicab; how to rent a car, how to locate the correct bus or train at a station. They will also be grateful for your pointers about our highways.

"Company's Coming! Everywhere I go people are talking about it and asking what they can do to help. I've been telling them that simple American hospitality is most important. I think a visitor will remember the busy Philadelphian who takes time to put him on the right bus just as vividly as he'll recall Independence Hall. And a courtesy extended by a Montana drugstore clerk will make an impression quite as lasting as Yellowstone National Park. So please remember that friendly Americans win American friends!"



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of anything from a razor blade to a banana plantation. U.S. moviegoers have been subjected to the incantatory power of the Robbe-Grillet technique in the off-screen commentary he wrote for the narrator in *Last Year at Marienbad* (for some it had a soporific monotony). Objects are important to Robbe-Grillet in themselves, but also in relation to people. "A sofa cushion," he has explained, "may not be very exciting. But if you have a man and a woman in love at either end of the sofa, the cushion between them can take on all sorts of interest."

In *Jealousy*, Robbe-Grillet's most experimental book, there is no plot and no central character, only the watching eye of a husband who thinks his wife is unfaithful to him. The eye has no characteristics other than its barely controlled suspicion. It observes, for the most part without comment, a few uneventful scenes in which A . . . , the wife, and Frank, her presumed lover (and the eye itself), have drinks, dinner, coffee, and discuss a trip A . . . and Frank are to take to town. At first the eye's abrupt switching from people to objects—a crushed centipede on the wall, the view out the window—seems arbitrary.

But for the reader who stays with the story long enough to become intrigued, these digressions to the object world are effective catalysts of suspense. *Jealousy*, as a portrait of a state of mind, a tense suspicion (which the reader shares with the eye), never offers either the joyful release of action or the final assurance that A . . . (for adultery?) has really been unfaithful. It is like a murder mystery in which the reader hungrily studies the clues but never learns who did it.

From "He" to "You." In the interests of fictional reform, Michel Butor, 35, has rather expansively declared that an author should create a new technique for each new subject. Butor's latest technique produced *Mobile*, an indescribably dull account of 50 U.S. states, presented as weird collections of lists, and typographical eccentricities which owe something to both John Dos Passos and E.E. Cummings. One of his earliest books, *Passing Time*, was a Robbe-Grilletesque effort to scramble time sequences. The hero keeps a double-entry diary in which accounts of what happened as far back as seven months ago mingle with impressions of the present. Like many writers, Butor feels readers are weary of both "I" and "he." His solution in *A Change of Heart*: to substitute "you." The device is hardly revolutionary, as any reader of syndicated Sports Columnist Jimmy Cannon knows (You are Sugar Ray. Your legs are wobbly, etc.). But through it Butor gains a considerable advantage over non-you writers in achieving another aim of the Neo-Realists—to inspire in the reader not sympathy for the central character, but a kind of empathetic identification with him.

The "you" of Butor's most celebrated book, *A Change of Heart*, which won the Prix Renaudot in 1957 and sold 100,000

copies (a runaway bestseller in France), is a French businessman on a train from Paris to Rome, where he is to meet his mistress. The novel's concerns could not be more conventional—the man's decision, as the trip progresses, to give up his mistress and return to his wife. But what Butor is trying to do, through the innumerable physical details and mental flashbacks of the trip, is to re-create the actual experience of coming to a decision.

Nameless Impulses. Like other Neo-Realists, Nathalie Sarraute, 62, cares almost nothing about place, name and massive characterization. Unlike the others, she has discarded these things less to change the novel than to say something subtle. What she seeks out and skillfully delineates is the normally imperceptible, always nameless emotional impulses, small human reachings-out and withdrawals, and wild inner disturbances, which occur in people before anything as formal as

Shuffle, Then Read. It may take a decade to disclose what, if anything, the Neo-Realist movement can or will accomplish. Their very doctrine cuts them off from the exploration of philosophic principles that might restore a conception of man heroic enough to lend their fictional creations, a larger meaning.

Many of their books, turgid with description, tormented by tricks, are all but unreadable. Most demand far more persistence than any reader (except, possibly, a fellow writer studying technique) will ever—or should ever—give. The plunging power of one outstanding Neo-Realist, Claude Simon, dissipates too often in Faulknerian tangles—1,000-word sentences and sets-within-sets of parenthetical statements. Inevitably, too, as experimenters, Neo-Realists have wallowed in pretentious critical nonsense. Their mechanical techniques, almost inevitably, have allowed a number of non-novelists



SARRAUTE



ROBBE-GRILLET

The timeliness of thingishness.



BUTOR

fear or greed or anger occurs. Psychologists have no name for these. Mme. Sarraute calls them tropisms—after the instinctive reactions of organisms. French literati, in deference to her, have come to refer to them as *sarrauteries*.

In place of traditional action, Nathalie Sarraute records the interplay of tropisms beneath the surface of very conventional scenes and situations—a family quarrel over money, the problems of finding and furnishing a new apartment. Readers who might expect Mme. Sarraute's probes to result in an insufferably precious *Sagan's* *If* in miniature will often be in for an ugly ducking in human anguish. An invitation to golf can mask a deadly personal threat in the sub-emotional world, and as the surface exchange between characters occurs. Mme. Sarraute records, in a kind of counterpoint, the progress of the hidden battle. The conflicts are presented in violent images—with people compared to giant beetles crashing against each other, or hunters cruelly probing a hole with sharp sticks to goad out a helpless creature.

to masquerade as writers of fiction. Neo-Realist Marguerite Duras' pure conversational tour de force, *The Square*, has resulted in at least one non-novel of string-thin chitchat. The laudable Neo-Realist notion of engaging the reader directly in the action of the book has led another disciple, Marc Saporta, to try to enlist his readers as co-author. His latest "novel" coming out this year, is an unbound stack of sparsely written pages. Buyers will be invited to shuffle them as they please and then read.

Nevertheless, the Neo-Realists are serving a purpose in trying to re-examine dreary literary habits, to rework the weary forms, the traditional plots, to stand time on its head and cut capers—as Ionesco, Beckett and Gelber have done in the theater. Whatever results finally, readers at least can be grateful that Neo-Realism's Big Three have discarded as outworn one increasingly obnoxious habit of the standard novelists. They do not bother to describe sex in morbid detail. That alone, if it catches on, could set the novel ahead ten years.

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Ride the High Country and **Loneley Are the Brave** are two vastly superior westerns about untamed, free-spirited men whom civilization has made obsolescent. Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott (*Country*) and Kirk Douglas (*Brave*) give strong, graceful performances with the unforced dignity of the old breed of western hero.

The Concrete Jungle. This strange, taut, jagged British crime movie crackles with the excitement of a cool jazz score and U.S.-born Director Joseph Losey's subtle vision of crime and the criminal.

Boccaccio '70 is scarcely the updated *Decameron* it tongue-in-cheekily professes to be, but sex goddesses Sophia Loren, Anita Ekberg and Romy Schneider give highly erotically pleasing performances.

The Notorious Landlady. Jack Lemmon makes antic hay in this playful mystery-comedy with a London setting, and in one bathtub sequence, Kim Novak proves to be an accomplished nude.

Lolita has lost her unimpeachable rating since she left the perverse and remarkable novel by Vladimir Nabokov, and the resulting film romance between a knowing, nubile teen-ager (Sue Lyon) and a middle-aged émigré (James Mason) is commonplace and flaccid. Peter Sellers provides much-needed comic relief.

Stowaway in the Sky is no respecter of age. It will enchant moppet, matron and greybeard with its balloonist's-eye view of the fair land of France.

Merrill's Raiders, in its quiet underkeyed way, keeps a dirge of arms and the brave men who bore them in the suffocating jungle warfare behind the Japanese lines in Burma.

The Miracle Worker is Teacher Sullivan (Anne Bancroft), who took the hand of little Helen Keller (Patty Duke), and with fierce patience put within the child's grasping fingers the meaning of an unseen, unheard, unspoken world.

A Taste of Honey is pressed from the bitterly squalid urban honeycombs of the English poor. Not a drop of meaning has been spilled in transferring the play by Britain's angry young woman, Shelagh Delaney, 23, from stage to screen.

TELEVISION

Wed., July 18

Focus on America (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). The history of art as exemplified by the Detroit Museum's collection.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:11 p.m.). Topics: Credit buying and European television commercials. Repeat, Color.

Fri., July 20

The World of Jimmy Doolittle (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Story of the professional life and contributions to aeronautics of the World War II hero of the B-25 raid on Tokyo. Repeat.

EyeWitness (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). Top news story of the week.

Sat., July 21

P.G.A. Golf Tournament (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). First of two days' broadcasting from Newtown Square, Pa., where the

country's top pros compete for the championship of their own trade union.

Track Meet: U.S. v. Russia (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). First of two broadcasts on consecutive days, from Stanford University, Stanford, Calif.

Sun., July 22

Issues and Answers (ABC, 4-4:30 p.m.). Fallout and testing discussed by Dr. Glenn Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The story of World War II merchant seamen on *The Suicide Run to Marseilles*. Repeat.

Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A pocket biography of Broadway Producer Flo Ziegfeld. Repeat, Color.

Mon., July 23

Beyond the Threshold (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Analysis and comprehensive view of the U.S. space program. Repeat.

THEATER

Straw Hat

Kennebunkport, Me. Playhouse: Henry Morgan in *Reclining Figure*.

Cambridge, Mass. Loeb Drama Center: Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men*.

Framingham, Mass. Carousel Theater: Van Johnson as *The Music Man*.

Stratford, Conn. American Shakespeare Festival: *Richard II* and *Henry IV, Part 1*, plus *Shakespeare Revisited* (readings rendered by Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans).

Kiamesha Lake, N.Y. Playhouse: *The World of Sholom Aleichem* with Morris Carnovsky.

Albany, N.Y. Arena Theater: *Fairy Tales of New York*, a new play by J. P. (The Ginger Man) Donleavy.

Andover, N.J. Grist Mill Playhouse: Eva Gabor in *Janus*.

Clinton, N.J. Hunterdon Hills Playhouse: *The Vinegar Tree* with Faye Emerson.

Princeton, N.J. Players Theater: Pinaroff's *Tonight We Improvise*.

Ardentown, Del. Robin Hood Theater: James Agee's *All the Way Home*.

Gaithersburg, Md. Shady Grove Music Fair: Mary Healy asking Peter Lind Hayes *Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?*

Traverse City, Mich. Cherry County Playhouse: Margaret O'Brien in *Under the Yum-Yum Tree*.

Warren, Ohio, Packard Music Hall: Art Linkletter and Constance Moore in *Father of the Bride*.

Fish Creek, Wis. Peninsula Playhouse: *The Armoured Dove*, a new play by Nord Riley, about a sort of Major Barbara of the missile age.

Danville, Ky. Pioneer Playhouse: No. 4 in a series of ten new plays: *A Terror Since September* by Chicago Engineer R. C. Lesser, whose blueprints will be used as décor in this psychological drama.

Sacramento, Calif. Music Circus: Sigmund Romberg's 1926 solution to French North African troubles, *The Desert Song*.

San Diego, Calif., the Old Globe Theater: A first-rate Shakespeare company presenting *Othello*, *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Henry IV, Part 2*.

Stratford, Ont. Stratford Shakespeare Festival: *Macbeth*, *The Taming of the*

Shrew and *The Tempest*, plus *The Gondoliers*.

Dawson City, Yukon, Palace Grand Theater: This reconstructed Klondike opera house, 4,500 miles off Broadway, has reopened after 60 years with a new musical, *Foxy*, based on *Volpone*, starring Bert Lahr, Larry Blyden and Bill Hayes.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Golden Notebook, by Doris Lessing. A superior attempt at running elusive self-knowledge to earth; the self, in this case, that of a British woman writer who is the novel's tormented heroine; the knowledge, fascinating entries in four notebooks she keeps on four facets of her public and private life.

Letting Go, by Philip Roth. Page by page, because of the author's unmatched eye and ear, this novel of the university young is a delight. Taken as a whole, it is a tiresome analysis of the *Angst* of a conventionally world-weary hero.

Death of a Highbrow, by Frank Swinerton. The surviving member of a pair of old literary feudists is led, by his antagonist's death, to some uncomfortable conclusions about his own life. One of the best novels of an older English writer whose work is too little appreciated.

The Reivers, by William Faulkner. Like an old man yarning on the back stoop, a Nobel prizewinner indulges himself and the reader in a fond and very funny story.

Saint Francis, by Nikos Kazantzakis. In a superb retelling, the great saint's life reveals physical anguish endured with spiritual strength.

An Unofficial Rose, by Iris Murdoch. A sprightly, philosophically provocative excursion into upper-class English affairs of the heart.

The Wax Boom, by George Mandel. In the darkness of modern combat, a symbolic company of infantrymen meet death by candlelight.

Patriotic Gore, by Edmund Wilson. A look at Civil War writing becomes that rarity—a fresh and unsentimental centennial tribute.

Ship of Fools, by Katherine Anne Porter. A monument to mortal folly, ashore and afloat.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Youngblood Hawke**, Wouk (2, last week)
2. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (1)
3. **Dear Beloved**, Lindbergh (3)
4. **The Prize**, Wallace (10)
5. **Uhuru**, Kuak (5)
6. **The Big Laugh**, O'Hara (8)
7. **Franny and Zooey**, Salinger (4)
8. **The Reivers**, Faulkner (9)
9. **Devil Water**, Seton (6)
10. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (7)

NONFICTION

1. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (1)
2. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (1)
3. **Calories Don't Count**, Teller (3)
4. **Conversations with Stalin**, Djalil (9)
5. **The Guns of August**, Tuchman (4)
6. **In the Clearing**, Frost (5)
7. **Six Sires**, Nixon (7)
8. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps!**, Hudson (10)
9. **Scott Fitzgerald**, Turnbull
10. **The Making of the President 1960**, White (6)

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